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MUSINGS
IN
VERSE
ON THE
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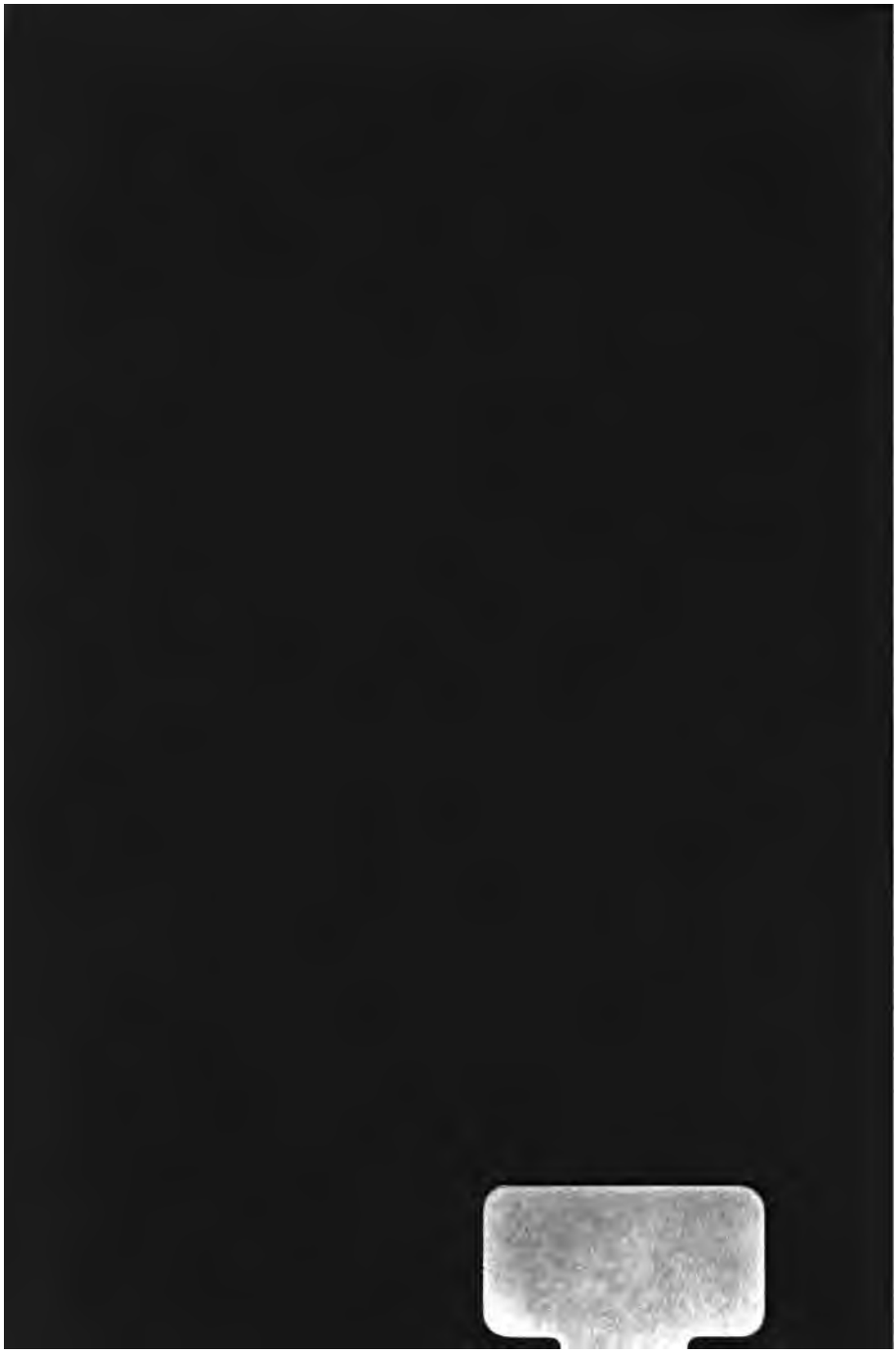

MUSINGS IN VERSE

ON THE

COLLECTS,

FOR THE

Sundays and Chief Holydays.

BY

THE LADY LAURA HAMPTON.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD SELBORNE.

LONDON:
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1879.

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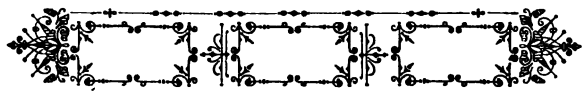

To

My Mother,

These pages

are

Lovingly Inscribed.

INTRODUCTION.

IT HAS been the wish of the authoress of these poems, that the few words of Introduction, which it may be proper to prefix to them, should be from another hand than her own.

The Collects of the Church of England are distinguished, in a remarkable degree, by simplicity, truth, and force; terseness and felicity of expression; and concentrated meaning, within a very short compass. Venerable, as most of them are, from their origin in a remote Catholic antiquity, experience has proved their suitableness to the spiritual wants of all succeeding generations of Christians. Why, it may be asked, should any attempt be made to present their thoughts, or the thoughts which they suggest, in any other than the almost perfect form, with which we are already familiar?

The best justification for such an attempt may perhaps be found in the tendency of reverent love to dwell upon, and reproduce and reflect, the feelings and ideas

associated with what it has found helpful. To such an impulse are due the metrical translations and adaptations of Psalms, of which there are so many in our language: and, though it may be true of these generally, that their measure of success is not great, some of them have nevertheless taken a strong hold of the sympathies, and live in the memories, of large numbers of men. It ought not to surprise any one, that the Collects should have excited similar feelings in a mind like that of the present Authoress; nor that she should entertain the hope, that some persons may possibly be aided by her work to enter more deeply into their spirit, and to retain definite conceptions of it more freshly in their memories. The proper office of the Collects being Prayer, the mental attitude of the worshipper, when using them for that purpose, must necessarily be subjective. That attitude, when they become the subjects of reflection and meditation, naturally undergoes a change, varying according to the susceptibilities of different minds. The expression of it, as realised by one individual mind, is the design of this work.

It must be left to others to measure the degree of success with which that design has been executed. No one, however, can avoid seeing, that the Authoress has understood simplicity, reality, and an unambitious style, to be essential conditions of her undertaking. The Poems divide themselves into two classes; those which do, and those which do not, adhere strictly to the matter of the Collects themselves. Those of the former class, in which the influence of the original is throughout predominant, are the more

numerous: and it is not impossible that in these there may sometimes appear to be an excess of homeliness, and perhaps a too rigid exclusion of poetical artifice. These, however, (if faults), are, in this style of composition, nearly allied to virtues, particularly to that of reverence; and they are certainly preferable to the smallest departure from the simplicity of truth. In the poems of the other class, (which are generally longer), the Authoress has given more free scope to her own thoughts and feelings: and it is perhaps from these, that the best estimate of her powers may be formed.

It is due to her to say, that this volume would not have been made public at all, without the encouragement of friends, to whose judgment she was willing to defer; and who are content to accept the responsibility of thinking, that more than a few persons may appreciate, and derive pleasure and profit from, this her labour of love; while others, who may be less sympathetic, will recognize in it a spirit, sufficiently worthy of their respect to disarm unkindly criticism.

August, 1879. SELBORNE.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Once more the Advent call	1st Sunday in Advent	3
O Blessed Lord, Who oft of old... ...	2nd ,, ,,	5
Hark! o'er the wilderness resounds a voice	3rd ,, ,,	6
Sore let and hindered in our earthly race ...	4th ,, ,,	7
Almighty God, before Thy throne we fall ...	Christmas Day	9
Almighty God, for us Thy Son	Circumcision of Christ	10
The long long march is o'er, the days of toil	The Epiphany	12
Receive with mercy, Lord, Thy people's prayer	1st Sun. aft. Epiphany	17
Almighty Father, everlasting Lord ...	2nd ,, ,,	18
Almighty God, to Thee all power belongeth	3rd ,, ,,	20
O God, on Thee we call	4th ,, ,,	22
Lord keep us, we beseech Thee	5th ,, ,,	23
O God, Whose Blessed Son was manifested	6th ,, ,,	25
Oppressed with guilt, bowed down with sin	Septuagesima Sunday	28
The sower goeth forth, the precious seed to sow	Sexagesima Sunday	29
When bowed beneath the crushing weight of woe	Quinquagesima Sun.	31

God is Love! tell it forth in ringing accents	Ash Wednesday	33
O, wond'rous truth, low on our knees we fall	1st Sunday in Lent	35
For mercy, Lord we cry	2nd ,, ,,	37
O God, to Thee all hearts are open ...	3rd ,, ,,	38
Say, hast thou ever climbed a mountain side	4th ,, ,,	40
Before the Throne of God behold the Saviour stands	5th ,, ,,	43
The race is almost run, the battle o'er ..	Sun. next bef. Easter	45
Glory to God, the holy angels cried ...	1st Col. Good Friday	53
Father, Which art in heaven	2nd ,, ,,	56
O God, Thou hatest nothing Thou hast made	3rd ,, ,,	58
The day had dawned, and slowly had its hours	Easter Even	60
Alleluia, Christ is risen	Easter Day	63
Alleluia, on the third day	1st Sunday aft. Easter	66
Echoes of Alleluia's tremble	2nd ,, ,,	68
The night is calm, and peacefully the moon	3rd ,, ,,	70
Fresh green tints upon the woodlands ...	4th ,, ,,	73
Before Thee, Lord, we kneel	5th ,, ,,	76
Full forty days had passed since Jesus rose	Ascension Day	77
God Who hast exalted	Sun. aft. Ascen. Day	82
Within Jerusalem	Whit-Sunday	84
Worthy art Thou, O Lord	Trinity Sunday	87
Our catechumen's part is done	1st Sun. after Trinity	89
Fear not the mocking laugh, the cruel jest...	2nd ,, ,,	91
The little one, in childish joy	3rd ,, ,,	92
The summer sun shines bright	4th ,, ,,	95
Lo, one lone rock amid the sea	5th ,, ,,	100

The day is almost done, the summer sun ...	6th	,,	,,	102
Giver of all good things	7th	,,	,,	104
Before Thy Face, O Lord, our lives are spread	8th	,,	,,	106
When fierce temptations us assail	9th	,,	,,	107
Teach us to pray, O Lord	10th	,,	,,	109
O God of mercy, in that awful hour ...	11th	,,	,,	111
O God, when wearied and cast down ...	12th	,,	,,	113
A hush of awe, an almost breathless spell ...	13th	,,	,,	115
Almighty, Everlasting God	14th	,,	,,	117
Look down from heaven, Lord, O visit now Thy Vine	15th	,,	,,	119
Hear our cry, O Lord	16th	,,	,,	120
As undeveloped in the bud	17th	,,	,,	122
For us in infancy	18th	,,	,,	124
'Tis unto warfare we are called	19th	,,	,,	126
What is our life? a dream that flieth ...	20th	,,	,,	128
Father, grant Thy people	21st	,,	,,	130
Church of the living God! of living members formed	22nd	,,	,,	131
O God, our refuge and our strength ...	23rd	,,	,,	133
The year is almost done, once more, O God, we stand	24th	,,	,,	135
The year is almost done, once more, O God, we stand	25th	,,	,,	137

Musings in Verse

on the Collects.

MUSINGS IN VERSE.

The First Sunday in Advent.

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Romans xiii. 8. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxi. 1.

ONCE more the Advent call
Resoundeth through the sky,
"Repent, ye people all,
"The Lord Himself draws nigh."

"Repent, forsake your sin,
"Search out your inmost soul,
"Cleanse every thought within,
Press onward to the goal."

God of all power and might,
We would that call obey,
The works and deeds of night
Help us to cast away.

The armour of pure light
Let us put on, O Lord,
To fit us for the fight,
According to Thy word.

The night-time is far spent,
The day-dawn is at hand,
We watch with hope intent
We pray, by Thy command.

Thus shall we face the foe
Nor faint in danger's hour,
But bear Thy Cross below,
Strong in Thy mighty power.

So in that last great day
When Christ shall come again
In awful Majesty
And endless bliss to reign,

The Judge shall bid us rise
To live with Him above,
To sing, beyond the skies,
The glories of His love.

AMEN.

The Second Sunday in Advent.

Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. xv. 4. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, xxi. 25.

O Blessed LORD, Who oft of old,
By types and message manifold,
To men Thy mysteries didst unfold,
Come to us now, we pray.

So guide us by Thy Spirit's light,
To read the Holy Book aright,
Which Thou for us didst bid them write,
That we its life receive.

In humble faith and holy fear,
May we prepare Thy Truth to hear,
To mark and learn with hearts sincere,
Its teaching to obey.

Thus, by the comfort of Thy word,
We grasp e'en now the great reward,
Thou givest us through CHRIST our LORD,
Of life for ever-more.

In patience may we hold it fast,
That blessed hope, till, warfare past,
The victor's crown is ours at last
That fadeth not away.
AMEN.

The Third Sunday in Advent.

O Lord Jesu Christ, who at thy first coming didst send thy messenger to prepare thy way before thee; Grant that the ministers and stewards of thy mysteries may likewise so prepare and make ready thy way, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, that at thy second coming to judge the world we may be found an acceptable people in thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Cor. iv. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xi. 2.

HARK o'er the wilderness resounds a voice
"Prepare the way, prepare in desert wilds
"A highway for our God; the crooked paths
"Make straight before the coming of the King,
"And all rough places plain. Behold! He comes!
"Repent ye people all, forsake your sins!"
So spake the Messenger, and, ere the sound
Died o'er the rippling waves on Jordan's shore,
The Coming One stood there; unrecognised,
Unknown, but by His Presence shedding forth
His blessing on His faithful servant's words,
And hallowing his work * * *

* * * * * * *

Lord Jesus Christ, in Thy appointed way
Behold we wait within Thy Temple gate
To know Thy Will; come to us here we pray,
Grant that the Stewards of Thy mysteries

May likewise so prepare and ready make
Thy way, that, in the min'stry of Thy word
We may Thine Advent feel within our hearts.
Bless Thou the words they preach, the ears that hear,
That so, the disobedient may be turn'd
Unto the wisdom of the just, and raised
Unto true life in Thee the dead in sin :
The careless roused to fight the fight anew,
And Thine own children by Thy Presence cheered
To tread more patiently their daily path.
Thus at Thy second coming, Holy Lord,
In majesty and power to judge the world,
Accepted in Thy sight may we be found.

AMEN.

The Fourth Sunday in Advent.

O Lord, raise up (we pray thee) thy power, and come among us, and with great might succour us; that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us; through the satisfaction of thy Son our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Phil. iv. 4. THE GOSPEL, St. John i. 19.

SORE let and hindered in our earthly race
Low at Thy footstool, Lord, we bend the knee,
Grant us, we pray Thee, now Thy power and grace,
And with great might help us, who flee to Thee.

Our sin and wickedness our souls oppress,
Blinded and baffled, Lord, to Thee we turn,
Save or we perish, pity our distress,
Nor let Thy righteous wrath against us burn.

By Thine Almighty power, O send us aid;
Wearied and faint, we sink amidst the strife;
Sustain us in the trial undismayed,
Blest with Thy love, and quickened with Thy life.

Be with us in our daily homely round,
And let Thy mercy overshadow all;
Deliver us when sinful thoughts abound;
Grant us more grace to raise us when we fall.

Thus shall we rise, on eagles' wings upborne,
Thus by Thy grace, our dreaded foes o'ercome,
Till in the East we see the breaking dawn,
And hear the Voice that calls us to our home.

AMEN.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD, OR THE BIRTH-DAY OF CHRIST, COMMONLY CALLED

Christmas-Day.

Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin; Grant that we being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit; through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Heb. i. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. John, i. 1.

ALMIGHTY God, before Thy throne we fall
In humble adoration all,
As we again the mystery behold,
By Seer and prophet long foretold.

Thine only Son Thou gavest unto earth;
The Angels heralded His birth;
To us a Son was giv'n, to us a Child
Born of a Maiden undefiled.

This wondrous truth transcends all power of speech;
But O, this lesson may it teach,
That Thou from love to us Thy Son didst send,
And that Thou lovest to the end.

Regenerate in Him, we too are Thine,
Thy children by adoption's sign,
As surely as the Israelite of old,
By grace received into Thy fold.

We are Thy sons; not at some future day,
But by Baptismal grace we may
"Our Father" call Thee now, and claim the power,
To walk as sons from hour to hour.

O grant that by Thy Holy Spirit we
Daily renewed to life may be;
Create Thine Image, Lord, our hearts within;
Cleanse them from all defiling sin.

So may we ever go from strength to strength,
Thy Presence with us, till at length
Transformed into Thy Likeness we shall stand
Faultless and pure at Thy right Hand.

AMEN.

The Circumcision of Christ.

Almighty God, who madest thy blessed Son to be circumcised, and obedient to the law for man; Grant us the true Circumcision of the Spirit; that, our hearts, and all our members, being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may in all things obey thy blessed will; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. iv. 8. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, ii. 15.

ALMIGHTY God, for us Thy Son
Came down to dwell on earth,
And Angel anthems scarce had died
Which heralded His birth,

When first upon the air was borne
His wail of bitter woe,
As through th' obeying of Thy law
His Infant tears did flow.
Jesu, Name above all others,
Given in Jewish rite of blood,
Presaging a work completed,
Life of pain, and cross of wood.

Almighty God, when first Thy Son
His mission would proclaim,
From trial fierce in wilderness
To Jordan's banks He came ;
And He, the pure and sinless One,
Does towards the Baptist press,
To seek repentance' pledge, and thus
Fulfil all righteousness.
"Lo this is My Son belovéd"
Hear the op'ning heavens tell ;
Jesus Christ, our Second Adam,
Faces now the powers of hell.

The Jewish types are all fulfilled,
Their shadows pass away ;
Completed now the Sinless Life,
And night bursts into day ;
The law's full penalty is paid,
Ransomed from death we stand,
Mercy and truth together meet,
And loose our prison band.
Jesus, Name above all others,
From the law has set us free,
Son of God in Him redeemed
We as sons shall henceforth be.

True Circumcision grant us, Lord;
Thy Spirit to us give,
Since in Baptismal waters we
Are pledged for Thee to live;
That hearts and bodies mortified,
From lusts and passions free,
Obedient to Thy Holy Will
Be temples meet for Thee.

Jesu, Son of God, in heaven
Thou dost still our nature wear,
Through Thy merits only dare we
Offer unto God this prayer.

AMEN.

The Epiphany,

OR THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

O God, who by the leading of a star didst manifest thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles; Mercifully grant, that we, which know thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of thy glorious Godhead; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. iii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. ii. 1.

THE long long march is o'er, the days of toil
And nights of weariness; the long sought goal
Is reached at last, and Zion's glitt'ring towers
Burst on the Eastern Sages' raptured sight.

Entranced they stand, when first their eyes behold
The pearly whiteness, Zion, of thy walls !
Thy vine-clad hills, and fruitful olive groves,
Bathed in the rosy hues of early morn,
The purple shadows fleeing silently
Before the brightness of the rising sun,
Till, perfect in thy beauty, Temple-crowned
They saw thee there, O thou of earth the joy,
The city of our God.
They pause awhile ;
Then pressing on with eager haste demand,
"Where is the Child? He that has come to reign?"
"Where is the new born Babe, the Jewish King?"
"For in the East, lo, we have seen His star,"
"And from afar have come to worship Him."
In vain ! Their questioning meets no response ;
The favoured city still in darkness lies
And will not see the dawn that draweth nigh.
The Day Star hath appeared, and to His own
Hath come, but they receive Him not.
They ask ;
And Zion at the sound is troubled, till
Unto the ears of the affrighted King
The tidings of their wondrous search are told.
Trembling he gathers to him priests and scribes,
And bids them tell him where Christ should be born.
They sought, and answered him ; "From Bethlehem,
In Judah's land, Messiah shall appear."
Then to his presence chamber Herod calls
The Sages three, and with all secrecy,
And anxious care, he there enquires the time
At which the guiding Star appeared, while still

With eager haste he urges them to seek,
In Bethlehem, the Child of whom they spake ;
Then unto him entreats them to return,
When found, that also he the Holy Babe
Might worship and adore in rev'rent guise.
Straightway the Gentiles pass from Zion's walls,
Great was their faith ; led onward by the star,
They falter not, nor waver, when within
The favoured city of Judea's God
Their quest is mock'd at, and the voice of priest,
Of patriarch, and prophet, speaks in vain,
To rouse th' unfaithful nation from its rest.
Dim was the guiding light to them vouchsafed,
Yet, in its rays they see the Hand of God.
And follow on with joy to know His will,
Secure that He will manifest Himself
To them, e'en by the leading of a Star.

* * * * * *

Weep ! Weep ! O daughter of Jerusalem,
Weep for thyself, and for thy hapless babes !
The measure of thy sore iniquity
Is all but full; thou wilt not know thy day
Of visitation. Though the Lord thy God
Would gather thee beneath His shadowing wings,
E'en as a hen her wandering brood, yet thou,
Thou in thy blindness wilt not see Him near.
He comes ! Thy Promised One, Redeemer, Lord !
The Gentiles hasten to His birth, and Kings
Unto the brightness of His rising ; thou
O faithless one, dost bid them go alone !

* * * * * *

Weep! Weep! thou wilt not seek Him at His birth,
Thou wilt not leave thy purple and thy gold,
To seek in village inn of Bethlehem
The lowly cradle of thy looked-for Prince.
Thy King must come in pomp and power to reign.
Thou wilt not have this Child to rule o'er thee,
Thou wilt not give to Him thy gifts of myrrh
Incense, and gold.—Thou wilt not, but thy God,
Thy Father wills it so, and by the voice,
Of prophet, priest, and now of Gentile seers
He bids thee in the Babe behold His Son!

* * * * * *

Weep! weep! O daughter of Jerusalem,
The shadow of the Cross falls on thy walls
As 'neath thy portals pass the Gentile band.
Thy God thou wilt not hear, and soon the cry
Of "crucify" shall echo o'er thy hills;
"We have no king but Cæsar, this Man's Blood
"On us, and on our children let It be."
Weep, for thou wilt not hear; and now from thee
Is turned thy Covenant God, unworthy found
Of His great Love; His mercy infinite
Thou dost despise, and to the Gentiles now
He turns to shew the riches of His grace.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Onward in faith they pass, the very dust
That cleaveth to their feet from off thy streets
A silent witness to thy faithlessness.
When lo! the Star which they had seen before

Shines in the East, and with exceeding joy
Its guiding rays they follow, until o'er
A roof in Bethlehem its course is stayed,
And entering there, they find the Royal Babe.
No unbelief doth cloud their worshipping,
The helpless Child, the outward poverty,
The lowly Virgin Mother, to their faith
No hindrance offers, but amid it all
They see the Christ, the Prophet, Priest, and King,
Their Saviour God ; and at His Feet they pour
Their off'rings forth : gold, frankincense, and myrrh,
The richest gifts in all their treasures found.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

O God, Who by a Star didst manifest
Unto the Gentile kings, Thine only Son,
By Thy great mercy grant that we, on whom
The light of truth hath shone with brighter rays,
May ever follow on to know Thee more,
Till by Thy grace we reach the perfect day,
And in the mansions of Thy House above,
The full fruition of Thy Godhead see,
And at Thy footstool worship and adore.

AMEN.

The First Sunday after the Epiphany.

O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to receive the prayers of thy people which call upon thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. xii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, ii. 41.

RECEIVE with mercy Lord, Thy people's prayer,
In doubt, in fear, in grief, on Thee we call,
The day is dark, to Thee for light we fly,
The path perplexed, what would'st Thou have us do?
Speak Lord, Thy servants wait Thy will to know,
Thy guidance to perceive the way to go.
As in Thy glad Epiphany of old
Thyself Thou manifestedst by a Star,
So now, on us Thy troubléd servants shed
A ray of Thine own light to lead us on,
By Thy great grace and power, nearer to Thee.
Thou seest, knowest, all things, O our God!
The daily trials, daily cross we bear,
The daily doubts and fears that us o'erwhelm,
That warp and dim our power of judging right.
To Thee we bring them all and lay them down
Low at Thy feet; make us perceive and know
Thy way, not ours; subdue our wills, and let
Thy light from out the cloudy pillar shine
Upon our life, so that obediently
We follow as Thou leadest: not alone
In the full fervour of our new-made choice,
But, when the beaten track is irksome, when

The dire temptation comes, which bids us doubt
If we've been led of Thee, have chosen right,
If better had not been some other way,—
Then give us grace to stay ourselves on Thee,
Faithfully to fulfil th' appointed round
As in Thy sight, nor cast one look behind.

AMEN.

The Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

Almighty and everlasting God, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth; Mercifully hear the supplications of thy people, and grant us thy peace all the days of our life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Romans xii. 6. THE GOSPEL, St. John, ii. 1.

ALMIGHTY Father, Everlasting Lord,
All things in earth and heaven come of Thee,
Created by Thy power, and by Thy word
Upheld, Thou rulest earth, and sky, and sea.

Thy wondrous Love o'ershadows all Thy works,
Not e'en the smallest shell in ocean's caves,
The frailest flower that blooms in sylvan shade,
The trembling bird that wintry snowstorm braves,

Not one is e'er forgotten by Thee, Lord,
The daily wants of all Thou dost supply,
The food, the rain, the calm, Thou sendest them,
When most they need Thy succour Thou art nigh.

Created for Thy pleasure Lord they are,
For Thou rejoicest in Thy children's good,
Great Father, Who disdainest not to stoop
From Thy white throne to give an insect food.

They bless Thee not for all Thou dost bestow,
They do not recognize the Hand that feeds,
And yet to us they preach with one accord
From ocean's bed, from trees and flowery meads.

"O ye who know the Giver, wherefore fear
"To take from Him the good He sends for all,
"Why only in the storm cloud will ye see
"His unrestricted Love encircling fall?

"Take from His Hand the sunshine and the rain,
"The marriage feast, as well as funeral pall,
"With all the joys that crown your earthly toil,
"He manifests Himself to you in all.

"Then fear not to rejoice as well as weep,
"Fear not to love the many or the few,
"He in the giving, gives the measure too,
"In Me love all as I have lovéd you."

Almighty God, Who still by birds and flowers,
Would lead the pure in heart to see Thee near,
O, in Thy mercy listen to our prayer,
The supplications of Thy people hear.

Grant us Thy peace in all our earthly life,
The daily portion Lord, we leave to Thee,
Thy peace to calm us whatsoe'er betide,
In joy or sorrow Thou our rest to be.

So shall we reach at length th' eternal shore
Where everlasting Peace doth with Thee dwell,
And o'er the billows of our storm tossed souls,
Thy Voice shall sound for ever, "Peace, be still."
AMEN.

The Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

Almighty and everlasting God, mercifully look upon our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth thy right hand to help and defend us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. xii. 16. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. viii. 1.

ALMIGHTY God, to Thee all power belongeth,
Naught is too hard for Thee to do,
Eternal God, Thou only still remainest
Unchangeable, for ever true.

Therefore O Lord, before Thine altar kneeling,
We Thy great mercy humbly crave,
Infirmities of mind and body bringing
To Thee, Who from them all can'st save.

Thou knowest Lord, the daily avocations
Of each within Thy House of Prayer,
The daily trials, hourly contradictions;
The burden, each finds hard to bear.

Stretch forth Thy right Hand, Lord, and henceforth help us
Christ's Image on each cross to see,
His Voice to hear 'mid evil that surrounds us
"I bore it, follow after Me."

Thou knowest Lord the weariness and anguish,
Days of unrest, and nights of pain,
Of those who upon beds of sickness languish,
And pray for health, but ask in vain.

Thou know'st how hard for them to stay the murmur,
To wait in patience on Thy will,
Seeing Thy Hand put forth to heal another,
Themselves pass'd by to suffer still.

Jesus we kneel, Thy mercy now beseeching,
For these who with us cannot pray,
In every pain they bear, in weary watching,
O manifest Thyself alway.

Stretch forth Thy right Hand, Lord, and henceforth help them
Thy will in this their lot to see,
Thy Voice to hear 'mid suff'ring that surrounds them
"I bore it, follow after me."

AMEN.

The Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

O God, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright; Grant to us such strength and protection, as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. xiii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. viii. 23.

O God, on Thee we call,
For Thou alone canst see
How prone we are to fall,
Through nature's frailty.

Thou knowest us to be
'Midst many dangers set,
Trials we cannot flee,
Perils that must be met.

Protect us by Thy power
From famine, sword, and pest,
In time of danger's hour
Thy Presence manifest.

As on the Lake of old,
Mid storm and tempest-roar,
Us in Thy calm enfold
Until we reach the shore.

Strengthen us by Thy grace
The devil's wiles to flee,
The world and sin to face
In Thy full panoply.

Above temptation's band,
Make us Thyself to see
Standing at God's right Hand
Our present help to be.

Thus may Thy power protect
From ill or subtle foe,
Thy grace support, direct,
In trial and in woe.
AMEN.

The Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

O Lord, we beseech thee to keep thy Church and household continually in thy true religion; that they who do lean only upon the hope of thy heavenly grace may evermore be defended by thy mighty power; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Col. iii. 12. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xiii. 24.

LORD keep us, we beseech Thee,
From heresy and sin,
From doctrine false and schism,
Thy Holy Church within.

From malice of the Devil
Protect Thy household, Lord,
From weak and erring Pastors,
From déspite of Thy word.

Within Thy field the good seed
Hath brought forth fruit, but lo,
T'gether with Thy blades of wheat
Appear the tares also.

An enemy this false grain
Sows broad-cast o'er the land,
And would deceive, if able,
Thine own elected band.

May we, the true wheat knowing,
Stand fast, and guard with care,
In Jesu's might upholding,
The banner that we bear.

O Lord, Thy Church unsullied
Keep Thou in wisdom's ways,
She seeks for guidance from Thee,
For purity she prays.

When storms around her gather,
Firm on the Rock she'll stand,
Her Hope based on Thy Presence
She leans upon Thy Hand.

Though clouds may spread their covering
Betwixt her and the light,
In patient trust she waiteth
Till all around is bright.

Thus evermore defended
By Thy Almighty power,
Lord, manifest Thyself to her
In ev'ry trial hour.
AMEN.

The Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

O God, whose blessed Son was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil, and make us the sons of God, and heirs of eternal life; Grant us, we beseech thee, that, having this hope, we may purify ourselves, even as he is pure; that, when he shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto him in his eternal and glorious kingdom; where with thee, O Father, and thee, O holy Ghost, he liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. John, iii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxiv. 23.

O God whose blessed Son was manifested
The works of Satan to destroy,
To make us sons of God, and heirs of heaven,
Unending life, unfading joy.

We know not yet the glories that await us,
Now are we called Thy sons by name,
And, through the hope we have within us burning,
Would cleanse our hearts from sin and shame.

As He is pure, be this our aim for ever,
On no low standard may we rest,
Pure as new-fallen snow on hill and valley,
White as the foam on ocean's crest.

Pure from all thought of sin; not idly dallying
With tainted books, and tales of wrong,
Thinking no harm can come from only reading,
We in our virtue are so strong.

O may we shun them as we would the serpent,
For poison lurks 'neath every word,
Knowledge of evil leads but to temptation,
The garden lost, the flaming sword.

Pure in our words: no look, no double meaning
Sly mingling with our harmless mirth,
Repeating not with joy the unchaste story,
The shame that clouds another's hearth.

Pure in our deeds: rememb'ring, feeling ever
Whose Eye is on us night and day,
Fleeing all company, all scenes and places,
In which to Him we could not pray.

As He is pure: not proud and boastful flaunting
Our righteousness in other's eyes,
But meek and lowly, only by our walking
Shewing the Hope that in us lies.

As He is pure, Who, whilst the Sin He hated,
The Sinner sought with loving care,
With soothing words, and gentle, tender gesture,
His lost sheep seeking everywhere.

So may we walk amid this world of sorrow,
  One hand in His Who leads us on,
The other ready to assist a brother
  To struggle up from sin and wrong.

As He is pure; then we in Him must ever
  By prayer and intercourse abide,
'Mid trial shewing forth His power within us,
  That He in all be glorified.

As He is pure; be this our aim for ever,
  That when in Majesty Divine
Upon the pure in heart at His appearing
  The glories of the Godhead shine,

We may to His eternal kingdom enter,
  And, by His Presence, changèd be
Into the likeness of His perfect Image
  Here shadowed so imperfectly.

AMEN.

The Sunday called Septuagesima,

OR THE THIRD SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

O Lord, we beseech thee favourably to hear the prayers of thy people; that we who are justly punished for our offences, may be mercifully delivered by thy goodness, for the glory of thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Cor. ix. 24. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xx. 1.

OPPRESSED with guilt, bowed down with sin,
Low at Thy Feet we lie,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Have mercy, Lord, we cry.

Just are Thy judgments, O our God!
And true Thy righteous way.
Our sins deserve Thy chast'ning rod,
Yet we for mercy pray.

Idlers within Thy vineyard, Lord,
And loiterers in the race,
Yet trust we in Thy promised word,
And crave Thy pard'ning grace.

We would thy vineyard work within;
Lord, teach us what to do;
We would so run, the race to win;
Do Thou our strength renew.

By Thy great goodness, gracious Lord,
Deliver us, we pray,
From sins of thought, and deed, and word,
Committed day by day.

Turn from us the just punishment
We richly have deserved;
Correct us, but with judgment, Lord,
For greatly we have erred.

And for the glory of Thy Name
Hear thou us when we call;
In mercy, think upon the same,
In love, forgive us all.

AMEN.

The Sunday called Sexagesima,

OR THE SECOND SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

O Lord God, who seest that we put not our trust in any thing that we do; Mercifully grant that by thy power we may be defended against all adversity; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 2 Cor. xi. 19. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, viii. 4.

THE sower goeth forth the precious seed to sow,
Which makes the barren land with fruitful grain to grow;
But first the ploughshare deep must enter 'neath the soil,
The fallow ground be broken with patient care and toil,
All thorny briars, and clinging weeds, from out its furrows ta'en,
Or silently, but surely, they would choke the growing grain.

Now all his work is o'er, and from the sower's hand
The seed falls noiselessly upon preparèd land;

Secure he leaves it there, beneath the quiet sod,
Then waits, in faithful trust, upon the Hand of God.
He knows that in the furrows deep the grain must rot and die,
Ere as a blade it can appear, he knows not how, or why.

He knows not, yet he trusts, not in his labours done,
But in Him who ruleth still the rain-cloud and the sun,
Who bade him sow the seed, and leave to God the rest,
The increase hundred-fold, as seemeth to Him best.
Through burning drought and tempest wild he trusts the promise sure,
That the seed time, and the harvest, for ever shall endure.

And we too, in our hearts, have each a work to do,
To plant a blossom sweet where 'erst a briar grew,
To labour, toil, and strive, this wicked world within,
To win us souls for heav'n, to lead men up from sin;
We, in faith, upon the waters must cast our bread always,
Looking again to find it, though it be in many days.

Lord God, Thou seest how we trust not in our deeds;
Our richest act of love Thy pard'ning mercy needs;
Our faith a broken reed to what true faith should be,
Alas so rudely shaken by adversity.
On Thee alone, our God, on Thee, our steadfast trust we place,
O hear us in our misery, defend us by Thy grace.

AMEN.

The Sunday called Quinquagesima,

OR THE NEXT SUNDAY BEFORE LENT.

O Lord who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; Send thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before thee: Grant this for thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 COR. xiii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xviii. 31.

WHEN bowed beneath the crushing weight of woe,
The first lone hour that we are left to weep
Our newly dead, and realize the blow
Which levels all our joys at one fell sweep:
When we feel desolate, and earth a void,
When heaven itself is shadowed by our grief;
What then can raise our hearts from hopes destroyed,
What pierce the gloom with certain, sure relief?
It is the Voice, the gentle Hand of Love,
That points us to their rest with God above.

And when the path of sin is gay with flowers,
And the full pride of youth would urge us on
To seek its pleasures through the morning hours,
Leaving the narrow way till setting sun.
When false temptation, with her syren band,
With luring wiles would leads us far astray,
And wind her silken cords about our hands,
To draw us from our God and heaven away,
Who in that hour can our deliv'rer prove?
It is the Voice, the gentle Hand of Love.

And when, amid the daily round of life,
Cares and anxieties come pressing on,
And aching brain, and beating pulse is rife
With trouble for our own belovèd one:
When a long lingering sickness lays us low,
With days of pain, and nights of weariness,
When in our anguish sore the tears will flow,
What then can rob them of their bitterness,
What make anxieties a blessing prove?
It is the Voice, the gentle Hand of Love.

For as the sun embodies in itself
All rays of light, then throws them, rainbow-hued
On falling shower, crowning each drop with wealth
Of colour bright, with beauteous power imbued,
So in our trials, 'tis the Love of God
Speaks in them all; and love to Him, and man,
He would call forth beneath His chast'ning rod,
Then bid it blossom in life's little span,
In flowers of various hues; their colours bright
All borrowed from their source of life and light.

O God, Who by Thy Holy Book hast taught
Thy will to man, and in it bidd'st us learn
That all our doings without love are nought,
Pour on us now the gift for which we yearn.
Into our hearts Thy Holy Spirit send
With Thine own charity; the bond of peace
Twixt sinful man and man, and without end
The anthem of His praise, when life shall cease.
When former things shall pass for aye away,
Thy Love remaineth everlastingly.

AMEN.

THE FIRST DAY OF LENT, COMMONLY CALLED

Ash-Wednesday.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Joel ii. 12. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. vi. 16.

GOD is Love! tell it forth in ringing accents,
Loud the glorious news proclaim,
Let ev'ry hill, and ev'ry valley echo
With His new revealèd Name.

God is Love! the tenderest mother never
Shadowèd an outline dim,
Of th' intense yearning, patient loving kindness
Ever shewn to us by Him.

God is Love! Tell it to the captive weary
With the burden of his sin,
Bowed down with guilt, and seeking to be loosèd
From besetting faults within.

God is Love! Tell it to the wand'rer straying
O'er life's roughened, briar-strewn way,
A thread to guide him through th' intricate mazes
Back towards the light of day.

God is Love! O gently murmuring, tell it
To the lost and sinful one,
Despised of man, but not by God forsaken
Whilst life's sands are still to run.

God is love! by the bedside of the dying
Tell it forth in accents clear;
God is Love! by the cradle of the children
Whisper of a Father near.

God is Love! no man's heart hath ere conceivèd
All the length, and breadth, and height,
Of His great Love which passeth human knowledge,
And which rests not day or night.

Herein is Love! His Son, His well-beloved,
Spared He not, but sent to die,
That reconciled in Him whilst still unloving,
By His blood we now are nigh.

Almighty God, we know Thy Love unchanging
Raised on Calvary the Cross,
That whoso gazeth on thy Son believing,
Should not die or suffer loss.

Before Thee now, our guilt we do acknowledge,
Wash us throughly from its stain,
Create, renew, true contrite hearts within us,
Thine for ever to remain.

Thy Love our only plea, we sue for pardon
For sins unnumbered as the sand,
Forgiveness free, remission full and perfect,
Lord, we crave them at Thy Hand.

AMEN.

The First Sunday in Lent.

O Lord, who for our sake didst fast forty days and forty nights; Give us grace to use such abstinence, that, our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey thy godly motions in righteousness, and true holiness, to thy honour and glory, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 2 Cor. vi. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt, iv. 1.

O wond'rous truth, low on our knees we fall
And gaze in speechless, penitential awe,
As in our flesh we now our God behold
Treading the wildernesses' lonely path
His fiercest contest with hell's power to wage.
Well may we veil our faces at the sight,
And from our feet remove our earth-stained shoes.
Thrice holy is the ground on which we tread;
For lo, we see Him there, tempted, and tried,
That we, when with temptation wrestling long,
Might feel Him near to succour and to aid,
And know, that in our desert loneliness,
His Eye is watching us, His sacred Heart
Doth beat for us with sympathy Divine.
We see Him "tempted like as we are," yet,
Without one spot of sin, that in our hour
Of dire defeat, and utter hopelessness,
We might, though sorrowful, rejoice in Him
Who for us fought the fight, and overcame;
Then, boldly kneeling at the throne of God,
Plead mercy for the past, and present grace.

We see Him thus, Jesus the Son of Man,
In all points tempted like unto ourselves,
That so on us each fiery dart might fall
Blunted and spent, powerless to penetrate
The shield of faith: for unto Him we know
All power is giv'n, 'tis He alone controls
All things in earth, in heaven, in depths of hell;
E'en devils tremble and obey His will
As from His tempted ones He says "Depart."
Lord, who for us didst fast full forty days
And forty nights in the lone wilderness;
Who in Thine hour of human weakness, met
The tempter there, and in the might of God
Didst conquer and subdue man's enemy;
Give us Thy grace such abstinence to use,
That so, our flesh unto Thy Spirit's power
May ever more and more subservient be;
Ready to meet temptation, through Thy strength,
In dreary wilderness of sin and death;
Or, 'mid green pastures by the flowing waters,
Ready to rest ourselves when led by Thee.
Thus may we follow on to know Thy Will
In righteousness and holiness of life,
Obeying aye the gentle whisperings
Of Thy still Voice within our hearts, that those
Who daily look on us may knowledge take
That we have been with Thee, O Jesus Christ,
And, for the brightness which upon us shines
From off Thy Face, may glorify Thy Name.

AMEN.

The Second Sunday in Lent.

Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; Keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Thess. iv. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xv. 21.

FOR mercy Lord we cry,
Helpless and prone to fall,
To Thee our God we fly
Our refuge and our all.

Beneath Thy shelt'ring Arm
Give us, O Lord, a place
To hide from sin and harm,
To seek Thy promised grace.

No power have we to keep
Ourselves within Thy fold,
But to Thy erring sheep
Thy mercies are untold.

No power have we to guard
Ourselves from foe or ill,
Thou keepest ceaseless ward
Around Thy children still.

Though wage the battle long,
And fierce the storm clouds lower,
In weakness we are strong,
For then we know Thy power.

Our bodies guard we pray,
From all adversity
That crowds around our way
Unseen by all but Thee.

Our spirits ever make
Holy, and clean, and pure,
Still if we sleep or wake
From evil thoughts secure.

Unworthy, sinful, lost,
These claims through Christ we plead,
With doubts and conflicts tossed,
Grant us the strength we need.

Thy pardon for the past,
Thy help in days to come,
Thy Presence at the last,
Thy Voice to welcome home.

AMEN.

The Third Sunday in Lent.

WE beseech thee, Almighty God, look upon the hearty desires of thy humble servants, and stretch forth thy right hand of thy Majesty, to be our defence against all our enemies; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. v. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xi. 14.

O God, to Thee all hearts are open,
Each thought, each wish, to man unspoken,
Each prayer, each vow so rashly broken,
Is known to Thee.

The longing after something higher,
The yearning, indistinct desire
To struggle upward from the mire
Is sent by Thee.

We have heard Thy Voice of sweet command,
We have felt the guiding of Thy Hand,
But the ground is rough on which we stand.
Thou art not near.

Wretched we are! Who can deliver
Us from the bonds of sin for ever,
Our deeds from Satan's power dissever,
Our will set free?

Unclean! undone! yet t'wards Thee turning
We bring the longings, in us burning,
And pray Thee, contrite hearts discerning,
To us free.

Ourselves, the all we have to offer,
Our feeble vows, each weak endeavour,
Hearty desires, all these we proffer
Before Thee here.

And these are Thine, t'was Thy Love bought us,
Wand'ring afar the Saviour sought us,
All that is good Thy Spirit taught us;
All, all is Thine.

O, therefore, when the Foe assaileth,
Grant us Thy help which never faileth,
But o'er the powers of hell prevaileth
Eternally.

Watch o'er our paths, our footsteps tending,
Stretch forth Thy Hand, our souls defending,
Strength, as our day, in mercy sending
For Jesu's sake.
AMEN.

The Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that we, who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of thy grace may mercifully be relieved; through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Gal. iv. 21. THE GOSPEL, St. John vi. 1.

SAY, hast thou ever climbed a mountain side,
Pressing with eager feet among its crags,
And watched with beating heart its torrents spring
In rapid bounding leap from stone to stone,
Scatt'ring their gifts of spray on fern and flower,
Whilst hurrying, dashing ever on to join
Their tribute to the streamlet in the vale?
And, mounting higher, hast thou lost in mists,
And fogs, and wreaths of cloud thy mother earth;
No tree, no bush, nought but the ground on which
Thou gazest, whilst below, above, around,
A winding sheet of filmy vapour spreads?
Nay, stay not there; but mount, and penetrate
The gloom, born of earth's tears, and lo, the vault
Of heaven's blue arch is o'er thy head, the sun
Is streaming on thee, and beneath thy feet

Are cloudy waves; not dark and dank as seen
From earth, but, from the height thou gazest down,
Glowing in colours bright. God-cleansed from dross,
And sent to vivify the earth from whence
They came.—Yet pause awhile, and soon the veil
Will roll away, and far below the world
Of man stretcheth around thee, with each house,
Each field, each tree, distinctly brought to view.
All sound is hushed, the foaming rivulet,
The peaceful lake, the wild sea's crested wave
All equal now, and the discordant sounds
Of earth are borne upon the breeze, and fall
In a low swell of harmony on the ear,
Whilst, on the awe-struck soul the consciousness
Of God bursts with o'er-whelming sense of fear.
Ay! pause, and wait, and pray, till with the fear
The sense of Love comes stealing o'er thy heart.
Wait till thou realizest that to Him
The harmony is formed of separate notes,
Each perfect, each entire, and that to Him
Each leaf upon the tree, each blade of grass
Owes its perfection; that each life within
Those human homes below is given by Him,
Th' appointed place within His family.
Wait till thou feelest that the Love which formed
Doth ever guard and keep the thing created,
So that no cloud can interpose between
His Providence and His dependent creatures.
That far above the mists of earth He lives,
And rules o'er all, eternally the same.
Think how on Canaan's mountain side of old
He raised His Eyes, and saw a multitude

Pressing with eager looks intent on Him,
Anxious to see the wonders that He wrought,
Yet no thought taking to provide themselves
With needful food; but He their weakness saw,
And seeing did provide in His great Love
According to their need the remedy:
And, with the loaves and two small fishes, did
Unto each one of that vast company
Before Him seated, give all they would have,
Without one word of blame. So still, though high
Exalted now above this world, He sees
The multitudes below, and to them all
Apportions out, not only what they ask,
But what they need; not what is merited,
But what His Love, unsought, freely bestows.

* * * * *

O God, Thou seest that our evil deeds
Done in Thy sight do worthily deserve
Thy punishment. Against Thee have we sinned
And done this evil, Holy Lord, against
The warnings of Thy Voice within our breast—
The leadings of Thy Hand; in mercy think
Upon us still, and, by Thy Spirit's power
Relieve us from the burden of our sin,
Then help us yet again of Thy free grace,
And in Thy paths stablish our steps aright.

AMEN.

The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

WE beseech thee, Almighty God, mercifully to look upon thy people; that by thy great goodness they may be governed and preserved ever more, both in body and soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Heb. ix. 11. THE GOSPEL, St. John viii. 46.

BEFORE the throne of God behold the Saviour stands,
For all His people's sins pleading with out-stretched [Hands.
Pleading His perfect Life, His death of pain and shame,
For those who sin and fall, who do not know His Name.
Pleading His triumphs won o'er devil, flesh, and sin,
For those who struggle sore with evil strong within,
Pleading His risen life, that one with Him we are,
United now by faith, though wandering afar.
For us pleading, ever pleading, His finished Sacrifice,
With Voice that never wearies, with Love that never dies.

Before the Throne of God, Jesus our High Priest stands,
Watching how each of us will follow His commands;
Looking with loving Eyes e'en when He bids us leave
The things that we most prize, the riches that deceive,
E'en as He deals the blow, which makes our souls descry
The idol that between God and our hearts doth lie,
That scatters in the dust our fairest hopes and flowers
That wrecks the cherished work of weary days and hours.
On us looking, ever looking, with sympathizing Eyes,
Feeling the pain that grieves us, the burden that on us lies.

Looking unto Jesus, so may we ever stand
Asking Him to loose us from sin's oppressive band,
To save our souls from death, the penalty of sin,
To ope the gate of heaven, to bid us enter in.
Looking unto Jesus, our Priest and Pattern too,
Seeking for His Footsteps in all we have to do;
Running still with patience our heaven-appointed race,
Sprinkled with His Life-blood, led onward by His grace.
On Him looking, ever looking, with myriad saints around,
Who have fought and won the battle, and now by Him are crowned.

Before Thy throne, O God, we Thy great goodness plead
Which the Lamb provided for us in time of need;
The blood of bulls and goats could not our sins remove,
But Thou didst find our ransom in Thy Infinite Love.
Upon the lives before Thee the blood of sprinkling shed,
To seal them for Thy service, redeemed and hallowéd.
Upon the hearts before Thee the blood of sprinkling pour
That the Destroying Angel seeing may pass o'er.
That Thou, upon them looking, may see the crimson stain,
And the Saviour's death rememb'ring may wash them white again.

AMEN.

The Sunday next before Easter.

Almighty and everlasting God, who, of thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of his great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of his patience, and also be made partakers of his resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Phil. ii. 5. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxvii. 1.

THE race is almost run, the battle o'er,
As towards the holy City Jesus turns
Yet once again, and steadfastly His Face
Doth set, to go unto Jerusalem.
And as He trod anew the well-known path,
Unto the twelve He spake of His decease,
Which now so soon should be accomplished.
He spake, and yet to them His words were like
To idle tales; they understood them not.
Although for three long years they witnesses
Had been of His Almighty, wondrous power,
They yet but dimly recognized in Him their God,
And doubted of the truth of which He spake.
And Christ, foreknowing all, their weakness saw;
And in His pitying love would lead them on
By gentle means to feel, that as He knew
Their deeds as yet undone, their words unsaid,
So truly did He now foretell His own;
Would lead them now to stay themselves on Him;
That when the Cross was reared before their eyes,

When they beheld on it the Dying Man,
They then might rest in His fulfillèd word,
And through that awful hour in steadfast faith,
Exclaim,—"This truly is the Son of God."
And so, in love to them, and to perform
What prophets had foretold in days of old,
As nigh to Bethphagè they came, Christ stood,
And to His side did call, from out the band
Of His disciples, two, then bade them go
Unto the village, which against them lay,
Whilst He did on the Mountain rest awhile.
"And ye," thus Jesus spake, "straightway within
"The village enteréd, shall find an ass,
"And by her side a colt whereon no man
"Hath ever sat; unloose, and bring them both.
"If any man enquire, why do ye this?
"Make ye reply, the Lord hath need of them;
"And straightway he will send them unto Me."
Thus to the twain He spake, and they obeyed;
And yet no thought of His Omniscience crossed
Th' apostles' minds, when, as He spake, it was.
No conscious feeling of His Godhead flashed
Upon their souls, as He, the lowly One
Did take Jehovah's title to Himself.
The veil was still upon their hearts, when with
Triumphant shout of seething multitudes,
Into the Holy City Jesus came.
The waving branches of the palm tree spake
To them of victory, but o'er this earth;
The loud, exultant, oft repeated cry,
"Hosanna to the Son of David,—Blest,
"Blest is the King who in the Lord's Namè comes,"

Fell on their list'ning ears as triumph song,
As shout of vict'ry; foretastes of His power,
His reign on earth about to be begun.
His words they thought not on, or thinking, doubted;
Thus when their time of trouble came, they fell.
Forewarned, yet through their disbelief unarmed,
When they beheld their dream of greatness fade,
When unto Him, their Master, nought remained
But suff'ring, shame, and cruel death, they all,
His friends, His chosen ones, forsook Him then.
The Godhead, recognized so fitfully
Through want of faith, in time of light and joy,
They could not see in hour of direst need.

* * * * * *

The Paschal feast was done, and, to His friends
Had Jesus spoken long on things unseen
In words of strange significance; and they,
Had wondered as He spake, their hearts the while
Sore troubled with presentiment of ill.
And He, in His compassion infinite,
Had cheered and soothed their minds with words of love,
And strengthened by His prayers their awe-struck souls.
The Paschal feast was done; on Judah's hills
The Paschal moon shone full, as long ago
O'er Egypt's land she shed her rays when first
The Passover was slain; and then, as now,
Night's stillness heard no melancholy sound
Foretelling the to-morrow's awful woe.
All hushed, all calm, all beautiful and still,
In God's own world of nature; while within
The city walls, the traitor barters with

Jehovah's priests the life-blood of the Lamb.
The Paschal feast was done: and yet no sound
Told to the sleeping city that for aye
Old things had passed away, old rites, old laws;
And that the morrow's dawn would usher in
The Law fulfilled, the Covenant of Grace.
The Paschal feast was done; and lo! a band
Of men passed through the city gates, and to
The foot of Olivet did wend their way,
Led onward by the Form of One, Whose Face
Was marred more than the sons of men, Whose step
Was heavy with the grief which bowed Him down.
Onward they crossed o'er Kedron's glitt'ring stream,
Onward, until they reached the Mount, and passed
Within the Garden of Gethsemane.
And, as they walked with yearning infinite,
The Son of Man sought human sympathy,
And to His followers shewed the agony,
Th' exceeding sorrow of His inmost Soul.
As very Man, He sought from those He loved
Their love to help Him in His time of need;
As very Man, He clung, when nigh to death,
To those whom God had given Him in life;
As very Man, He felt, with keenest pang,
The utter absence of their sympathy.
He took on Him our flesh; and with it all
The sinless attributes of sinless man;
And so with them, the woe, the bitter pain,
The suff'ring manifold, that these, through sin,
Can cause our fallen nature. Even thus,
He sounded to the deepest depths, and drained
For us the Father's cup of wrath unto

The very dregs; no pain, no agony
We feel of mind, or body, but in this
By dread experience Jesus feels for us.
No rushing waters of adversity
Through which we pass, but, by our sides we see
A Form like to the Son of Man, and hear
His Voice, "Fear not for I am with thee still,—"
"Tarry ye here and watch with Me one hour."
As very Man, Jesus the Son of God
Entered beneath the olive-shaded groves,
And there, wrapt in the darkness of the night
Did wrestle long in agonizing Prayer.
The cup of woe is full, and, to His lips
The Father gives it; and His human will
He bows in meek submission to His God.
O mystery of mysteries! we gaze
In trembling awe, as in a garden's shade
Our Second Adam fought, and triumphed o'er
The conqueror of the first; when, though so long
Delayed, the promise was fulfilled, and thus,
The woman's Seed did bruise the serpent's head.

* * * * * *

The night was passed away whose hours had seen
The foulest deed of treachery that e'er
Blotted the darkest page of all this world's
Dark history, and, as the morning sun
Rose in the eastern sky, before the priests,
Elders, and scribes, Jesus a captive stood.
The weary hours had sped within the house
Of God's High Priest, amid the mocking jeers,
And cruel mirth of the rude soldiery;

The spitting and the shame from servants' hands,
The dread fore-knowledge of the pain that was
To come; the awful prescience of the hearts
Of those around for whom He suffered all,
Whose very sins increased the load He bore;
The yearning Love which would have all men saved,
Yet knowing that for some He died in vain.
The weary hours had passed; no rest had He
To brace His tortured nerves to bear the worst.
And yet, to taunt and jeer, to scoffing laugh,
He answered not a word. Patient He stood,
And, "as a lamb before her shearers dumb,
He opened not His mouth."
Madly, they lead
Him forth before the council: then, anon,
They hurry Him from Ruler unto King,
And back again to Pilate, as in vain
They seek for witnesses against him; but
At last their hatred triumphs, and the cry
Of frenzied multitudes rings through the vault
Of echoing heaven "Not this man but Barabbas;"
"Away with Him, let Him be crucified."
O sound to make the hosts of angels weep,
And devils tremble as they watch and wait
To know the fullness of this mystery!
O sound to make us weep and veil our heads,
And in the dust bewail exceedingly
Our nature's sinfulness, that of such black,
Such base ingratitude could guilty be!
That cry prevails: and, willing to content
The people, Pilate gives the Sinless One
Into the cruel hands of Roman guard.

No fault had he to find, no witnesses
In their false testimony could agree;
Yet, Pilate listens to the people's voice,
And he, the robber freeing, Jesus gives,
When he had scourged Him, to be crucified.
And now in mockery they clothe the King;
The purple robe, the platted crown of thorns,
The reed for sceptre unto Him present,
And bow the knee in scorn, and smite His Head;
Then spitting on Him cry, "Hail Jewish King."
And yet no word escapes. In patience still
He bears the shame, the scorn, the fearful pain,
And to the Hands of Him who judgeth right
Commits Himself.
At last the Cross is formed,
And all is ready to complete the deed
Of shame, as Jesus bearing it is led
Unto the place called Calvary; and there
They crucify Him, and on either side
Were others; two, who for their evil deeds
Did worthily deserve their doom of death.
The Cross is reared amid the rabid shouts,
The scoffs and jeers of the assembled crowd.
There, 'neath the burning rays of noonday sun,
For three long weary hours the Saviour hangs,
His Sacred Body wracked with pain intense,
His inmost Soul with agony unknown.
Woe to the world for its offences, woe!
Woe that the Life-blood of the King of kings
On us hath fallen; that by our wicked hands,
And in our blindness we have taken Him,
And crucified and slain the Lord of life!

Woe that our sins have nailed Him to the tree,
That to an open shame our lives have put Him!
Woe unto us! O let us straightway fall
In deep abasement at His Cross, and gaze
In bitter grief on Him, until the load
Of our exceeding sinfulness subdues
Us with a weight intolerably heavy,
And e'en the plea for mercy scarcely bursts
From out our trembling lips for fear. Aye, gaze
Till 'neath the patience of the suff'ring Man,
Veiled in our flesh, we see the Godhead there;
Feel that for us He suffered, that His love
Hath nailed unto His Cross the writing that
Against us was; until we cry aloud
In fervent faith, "By Thy dread Passion, Lord,
Remember me."
For three long awful hours
The Saviour hangs in the full glare of day;
And, at the sixth hour over all the land
Is darkness till the ninth hour; nature veils
Her face, and trembles at the death throes of
Her God. The mountains shake, and firm earth quakes,
As on the air is borne the wondrous cry
"Eli, Eli, lama, sabachthani."—
The temple veil is rent in twain by hands
Unseen, as in a loud voice Jesus gives
Into His Father's Hands His parting Soul.
Whilst o'er the crowd standing around the Cross
A silence falls, and fear unspeakable,
As from the lips of heathen soldier came
The words, "In truth, this was the Son of God.

* * * * * *

Almighty God, Who art the same to-day,
As in that dread, that awful yesterday,
Look on us as we smite our breasts, and turn
From gazing on the Cross of Thy dear Son.
And, in Thy tender loving-kindness grant,
That we may follow in our daily life
Th' example of His great humility:
And so shew forth His patience upon earth,
That in th' eternity to come, through faith
In Him, we may be made partakers of
His resurrection life with Thee above.
AMEN.

First Collect for Good Friday.

Almighty God, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Heb. x. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. John, xix. 1.

GLORY to God, the holy angels cried
When Christ was born,
Glory to God, the lips of men replied
'Neath tree of scorn,
When, from Christ's piercèd Side, the Blood did flow,
A healing stream for sin and human woe.

Peace upon earth, the holy angels chanted
When Christ was born,
Peace upon earth, from lips of men was wafted
'Neath tree of scorn,
When Christ the Son of God had lived and died,
That we, through Him, in God might now abide.

Goodwill to man, the holy angels sang
When Christ was born,
Goodwill to man, from human voices rang
'Neath tree of scorn,
When Christ upon the Cross His life laid down,
That yet the amaranth wreath our brows might crown.

Glory, honour, blessing,
Father, be to Thee,
From all tongues and people,
All Thy family.

Glory, honour, blessing,
Jesus, be to Thee,
Who from sin and Satan
Now hast set us free.

Glory, honour, blessing,
Holy Ghost, to Thee,
From the hearts o'ershadowed
By Thy ministry.

Almighty Father, as we kneel before Thee,
Look on us now,
Behold, in tender love, Thy family,
Look on us now;

Remember, Lord, the life of Thy dear Son,
Remember not the evil we have done.

Sinful we are, and yet content was He
For us to die,
To be betrayed and nailèd to the tree
To bring us nigh;
Remember, Lord, the anguish that He bore,
Think on our sins and wickedness no more.

Daily we disobey, and leave undone
Thy holy will;
Nought that we do can for our sins atone,
Thy law fulfil;
Remember, Lord, the death of Him Who died,
That Jesus in our stead was crucified.

Hymn we Alleluia,
Shout aloud for joy,
Christ doth pay our ransom,
Satan's power destroy.

In His love He seeks us,
Wand'ring far astray,
From the thorns releases,
Puts us in the way.

Opes the cleansing fountain
Of His precious Blood,
When upon us evil
Rushes like a flood.

Hymn we Alleluia
Unto Love Divine,
And, amid the cypress,
Let us flowers entwine.

Glory, honour, blessing,
Ever be to Thee,
Father, Son, and Spirit,
Holy Trinity.
AMEN.

Second Collect for Good Friday.

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose Spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified; Receive our supplications and prayers, which we offer before thee for all estates of men in thy holy Church, that every member of the same in his vocation and ministry, may truly and godly serve thee; through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

FATHER which art in heaven,
Low at Thy Feet we lie,
O'erwhelmed with guilt, with shame and sin,
Conscious of misery,
Yet bringing all, just as we are, to Thee,
O set us free;
Grant us to know that Peace which passeth thought,
Which Thy love wrought.

Father, on that Name resting,
We rise and come to Thee,
Pleading the Saviour's sacred Blood
Shed for us on the tree.
'Twas He Who came and did Thy will, O God,
And bore the rod
For us, of Thy just chastisement for sin,
And life did win.

Father, through His death living,
Thy Church is justified,
Each member of Thy body by
Thy Spirit sanctified;
On us, so sinful, but repentant, pour
A bounteous shower
Of grace to lead us Thee to glorify
Until we die.

Father, 'tis Thou appointest
Our calling upon earth,
O'er each event Thou rulest well
From the moment of our birth.
The work Thou giv'st us, none but we can do,
O keep us true,
To serve Thee there, nor ever seek to stray
From Thy sure way.

Father, in godly manner
Still may we serve Thee here
Day after day, to-morrow leaving
Fearless within Thy care,

What e'er our ministry, in that Thy will
May we fulfil,
Th' example following of Thy dear Son
Till life be done.
AMEN.

Third Collect for Good Friday.

O Merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live; Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word; and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O God, Thou hatest nothing Thou hast made,
Thou on Thy Son the sins of men hast laid,
And He for us the debt of sin hath paid.

Thou wouldest that in Him all we should live,
And freely dost Thy Holy Spirit give,
To rouse from sin, to teach us to believe.

Thou would'st convert us from our evil ways,
Turn us from deathly wild and treacherous maze,
From unseen evil which around us plays.

Thou wouldest not that any man should die,
Ready art Thou to listen to our cry,
Before the sinner calleth Thou art nigh.

Thou, O our God, art willing, yet unsought;
When all is done, Thou sayest "they will not,
"My people have My love and laws forgot;

"They will not of My counsel; from My Face
"They turn aside; forsaking Truth and Grace,
"Each form of error madly they embrace."

Merciful God, Thou Who hast all men made,
And lovest all though they from Thee have strayed,
Think on Thy Son Who hath our ransom paid.

Have pity upon us, Thy wandering sheep,
Our souls from ignorance and error keep,
From hardened stubborn hearts, and death-like sleep.

Merciful God, without Thy shelt'ring fold,
Thousands are straying on the dreary wold,
Think on them, Lord, Thy mercies are untold.

Think on the pleading cry, "Father, forgive,
"They know not what they do!"—O let them live,
Thou lovest them. Thou yearnest to forgive.

Have mercy on all Infidels, O Lord,
On those who wilfully despise Thy word,
On those who Gospel news have never heard.

Have mercy on the Jews, so fetch them home,
That they may see in Christ Messiah come,
And from Thy sheep-fold never more may roam.

Great Shepherd of the sheep, O draw us all
To listen for and follow at Thy call,
Draw us, the young and old, the great and small.

Draw us with bands of love, and unto Thee
We shall arise in one great company,
One Lord, one flock, for evermore to be.

AMEN.

Easter Even.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections, we may be buried with him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for his merits, who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. Peter iii. 17. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxvii. 57.

THE day had dawned, and slowly had its hours
Dragged on, and now the eventide was come.
The day had passed which from eternity
The secret counsels of th' Omnipotent
Had fore-ordained for this world's ransoming.
The day was done. The shadows of the eve
Were slowly stealing o'er the Eastern sky,
With beauteous colour tinging earth-born clouds.
The parting sunbeams lingered by the Cross,
And played around the lifeless Form thereon,

Bathing the sacred Body of their Lord
In golden halo, whilst the evening breeze
From off His brow lifted the Blood-stained Locks,
And fanned His Cheek, and in the ether clear
The evening star watched with an eye of love
O'er its Creator's death-place. All creation
Rested, the conflicts of the day were done,
On earth was peace, and in the highest heav'n
Goodwill to man was perfected for aye.

* * * * * * *

The eventide was come as round the Cross
A group of friends drew nigh, and sought
To loose with gentle care the Bleeding Corse:
Then, with sweet spices, wrapt in linen clothes
They laid It, weeping, in the rock-hewn tomb,
And rolling a great stone unto the door,
They left Him there alone.

O ye who mourn
With bitter tears your loved and lost, who know
The fearful sorrow of the first lone night,
When in the new-made grave ye leave your dead,
And to the empty home, the vacant bed
Return, aware that over him night winds
Do sigh, the moon alone doth watches keep:
That never more your hand can smooth his brow
Or re-arrange the pillows 'neath his head.
Think on your Lord, think that e'en this He bore
For you, that in the silent darkness of
The rich man's grave thy Saviour lay alone.

* * * * * *

O ye who shrink with fear unspeakable
From thought of death, to whom the silence dread
That hovers o'er the tomb is broken oft
By weird and awful echoes from within,
And th' horror of the grave doth far outweigh
Its sense of rest and peace, turn ye aside
And vigil keep awhile at Jesu's tomb :
Till through surrounding darkness gleams afar
His resurrection light, and 'mid the gloom
Ye catch the rays of light His Footprints traced ;
Till mocking echoes die before His Voice,
"I am the resurrection and the life,
He that in Me believeth, though he die,
"Yet shall he live."—Aye, wait, and watch, and pray,
Until the horrors of the grave shall fade,
And thou dost realize, that, as for thee
The Saviour did to hell descend, so thou
Dying shalt be with Him in Paradise ;
Thy soul, the part that feels, and loves, and knows,
At rest with God from whom it came. Thy corse,
The outward shell, the senseless form, within
His keeping safe, till the last trump shall sound ;
And as He rose from out the grave, thou too
Shalt rise, and in thy flesh shalt see thy God.

* * * * * *

Grant Lord, we pray, that we who are baptized
Into the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ,
His resurrection power may know e'en now,
By Thy Eternal Spirit quickened
To mortify and kill all vice within.
Grant us to know His resurrection power,

That death for us may lose its sting, the grave
Its victory: so when before our face
The valley opens, and Thou bidst us tread
Amid its shadows, we may fear no ill,
But through the grave and gate of death may pass
With joyful steps, with faith unfaltering.
Grant us to know His resurection power
That when unto Thyself our dearest ones
Thou call'st, we may in sure and certain hope
Rejoice for them; in patience looking for
The brightness of that Resurrection morn
When those who sleep in Jesus shall arise,
And we, with them, shall joyful pass through Him
To our eternal life with Thee above.

AMEN.

Easter Day.

Almighty God, who through thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech thee, that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Colos. iii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. John xx. 1.

ALLELUIA, Christ is risen!
Death is conquered, we are free;
Satan vanquished, death abolished,
He has won the victory.

Allèluia, He has triumphed
O'er the terror of the grave,
From its sting, and from its power,
Christ the Risen One doth save.

Alleluia, God so lovèd
Man in sin and misery,
That His only Son He spared not
From the death upon the tree.

Alleluia, true this saying,
Jesus Christ to this world came,
Sinners to redeem and ransom,
Cleanse from guilt, and free from blame.

Alleluia, whoso sinneth
Hath an Advocate on high,
Jesus our Propitiation,
Risen now no more to die.

Alleluia, hear Him calling
Unto souls oppressed with sin,
"Come to Me all ye that travail
"I for you true rest did win."

Alleluia, Christ is risen!
He for us hath death o'ercome,
And for us the gate hath opened
Of our everlasting home.

Alleluia, in Him risen
We must seek the things above,
For with Christ our life is hidden,
And in God we live and move.

Alleluia, all our being
Springs from God Who gave us birth,
By His special grace preventing,
He doth raise our thoughts from earth.

Alleluia, He will ever
Speed the good work, once begun,
By His ready help supporting,
Till our trial-time is done.

Alleluia, Christ is risen!
In Him we are made alive,
Nought can hurt us, nought deceive us,
Though with sin and hell we strive.

Alleluia, more than conqu'rors
Shall we be through Him Who died,
All our sins by Him forgiven,
All our wants by Him supplied.

Alleluia to the Father,
Who in love did send His Son,
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One.

AMEN.

The First Sunday after Easter.

Almighty Father, who hast given thine only Son to die for our sins, and to rise again for our justification; Grant us so to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness, that we may alway serve thee in pureness of living and truth; through the merits of the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. John v. 4. THE GOSPEL, St. John, xx. 19.

ALLELUIA, on the third day
Jesus rose from out the grave,
He redeemed us, God accepted,
Gave to Him the power to save.
Alleluia, God has given
Unto us eternal life,
Now begun through faith in Jesus,
Safe in Him amid all strife.

This the vict'ry that o'ercometh,
Let our banner be unfurled,
What He promised, He will surely
Manifest before the world.
He hath said, and He will do it,
Justified in Christ are we,
Sanctified by His Spirit,
By Him led to victory.

Onward press, and leave all question,
God hath said; it is enough;
How, and why, will only darken,
Only make smooth places rough.

"Peace be unto you," He whispers;
Breathes His Spirit-given calm;
Trust Him surely, trust Him wholly,
Rest yourselves upon His Arm.

Fight, as soldiers 'neath His banner,
Manfully against the foe,
Live, as members of His Body,
Seeking from His life to grow.
Walk, as sons of God in heaven,
Purified for His dear sake,
Watch, as heirs, that when He cometh,
We may then our kingdom take.

Fight, because He hath redeemed us;
Live, because for us He died;
Walk and watch, His merit pleading;
In Him we are justified:
Casting from us ev'ry evil,
Pressing onwards day by day
In His strength, and by His Presence
Dwelling in our hearts alway.

We believe, Almighty Father,
For our sins that Jesus bled,
Us to justify for ever,
Rose the third day from the dead;
Grant us, in this faith abiding,
Wickedness to put away,
And, in purity of living,
Thee to serve in truth for aye.

AMEN.

The Second Sunday after Easter.

Almighty God, who hast given thine only Son to be unto us both a sacrifice for sin, and also an ensample of godly life; Give us grace that we may always most thankfully receive that his inestimable benefit, and also daily endeavour ourselves to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. Peter ii. 19. THE GOSPEL, St. John, x. 11.

ECHOES of Alleluias tremble
In the balmy air;
Bursting bud and opening blossom
Meet us everywhere.

The time of the singing of birds is come,
And to all the land
A new resurrection robe is given
From the Father's Hand.

The winter is passed away and gone,
Flowers appear again,
Over the valleys and fields of earth
Springs the buried grain.

The butterfly bursteth from out her tomb,
Robed in gorgeous hue,
And playfully flutters from flower to flower
Clothed in body new.

The blue vault of heaven is bright o'erhead,
Decked with fleecy clouds,
The Sun glows with life and with heat, and no more
His glory enshrouds.

Rejoicing he hastens to run his course,
Mounting day by day,
While nature, obedient unto his call,
Rises 'neath his ray.

In newness of life she adorns herself,
On him waiting still;
As daily he crowns with some beauty fresh
Ev'ry vale and hill.

Thankful she takes the falling shower, or
Sunbeam glancing bright,
Follows his steps, till the harvest is ripe,
Till she is perfect quite.

God, who hast given Thine only Son, our
Sacrifice to be,
And by His example of Life wouldest lead
Us to turn to Thee;

Our Day-star, our Sun of righteousness, risen
With all-healing wings,
With newness of life, and strengthening power
Which to all He brings;

So may we follow His guiding rays, so
Thankfully receive
His love, which passeth all knowledge, and still
To His Footsteps cleave;

With joy springing up at His will, with hope,
When He comes again,
When summer is past, when in autumn they cull
All the golden grain,

That we shall as sheaves in His garner be stored,
Gathered one by one,
Our blossoms budding in season, our fruit
Ripened by our Sun.
AMEN.

The Third Sunday after Easter.

ALMIGHTY God, who shewest to them that be in error the light of thy truth, to the intent that they may return into the way of righteousness; Grant unto all them that are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Religion, that they may eschew those things that are contrary to their profession, and follow all such things as are agreeable to the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. Peter, ii. 11. THE GOSPEL, St. John xvi. 16.

THE night is calm, and peacefully the moon
Shines on the sparkling waves which dance and glint
Beneath her beams in silver sheen, as they
With dreamy ripple kiss the good ship's side,
And bear her on her way to distant lands.
The briny ocean seems to sleep, and far
Upon its bosom can be traced the track
Made by the vessel o'er the pathless deep,
While fearlessly she presses on her way
Guiding her course by countless stars above.
Alone upon the great wide sea, whose waves

Encircle all the earth, nought but the sky
Above her head; below her keel is nought
But coral caves in fathomless abyss.

* * * * * *

The stormy wind ariseth and men's hearts
Are failing them for fear, as upward on
The seething waves they mount, or downward plunge
Into the foaming, eddying depths below.
The vessel reels, and to her centre quivers
Beneath the frequent shock of surging billows.
The heaven o'erhead is black with driving clouds,
The thunder peals and echoes o'er the deep,
The lightning plays around in vivid flashes,
The wind, as if in mock'ry at their fears,
Whistles and shrieks amongst the rattling shrouds;
The stars are hid; the moon bestows no light
Upon the dreary waste of waters wild,
As at the mercy of the winds and waves
In conscious helplessness they drive along.
Unto the Lord they cry in their distress,
He makes the storms to cease, the waves are still,
And parting clouds reveal the risen sun.
The helm is turned; the track is gained once more,
And to the haven where they seek to be
The Hand of God doth safely guide their bark.
Then are they glad because they are at rest,
And for His goodness they adore the Lord,
Whilst telling forth the wonders He has wrought.

* * * * * *

When smoothly gliding o'er the waves of life,
May we, O God, look ever up to Thee,

Guiding our course by Thy unerring word.
That so, when storms arise, and all Thy waves
Pass o'er our souls, the knowledge of Thy truth
May keep us calm, although in clouds of night
Thou veil'st from us the brightness of Thy Face.
Thus may we breast the tempest in Thy strength,
Facing the turbid sea of doubt and strife,
Which buffets us awhile, secure in Faith
That light is shining still behind the clouds,
And that, to those who seek to know the Truth
And yet unwitting err, a heaven-born ray
Will penetrate the gloom, and sent by Thee,
Illuminate their path, to the intent
That they may turn to ways of righteousness.
Grant, we beseech Thee, Lord, that all who are
Baptismally made members of Thy Son,
May ever shun the rocks and hidden shoals
Within the waters of this troublous world;
Whilst seeking still in humble trustful faith
The guidance of Thy Spirit o'er its waves.
Rememb'ring always, that our calling is
To follow Christ, so that we may be made
Like unto Him, both in our life and death.

AMEN.

The Fourth Sunday after Easter.

O Almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; Grant unto thy people, that they may love the thing which thou commandest, and desire that which thou dost promise: that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, St. James i. 17. THE GOSPEL, St. John xvi. 5.

FRESH green tints upon the woodlands,
Balmy fragrance of the flowers,
Waving corn in rip'ning glory,
Bitter chill of wintry hours
Pass away.

Childhood's thoughtless merry spring-time,
Youth, O bright and happy hour,
Manhood, crowned with strength and beauty,
Age, with rest and peace for dower,
Pass away.

Sorrow, melting into gladness,
Smiles, soon chased away by tears,
Darkness which the light doth follow,
Hopes, enshrouded oft by fears,
Pass away.

Nought upon this earth remaineth;
Passing, fleeting, aye the knell;
Caught by ev'ry breeze upspringing,
Echoed by each hill and dell,
Passing aye.

* * * * * *

Raise our eyes from earth to heaven,
Sun, and Moon, and Stars behold,
They with all their countless voices
Now, as in the days of old
Rest display.

Telling how o'er earthly changes
Rules unalterable Love,
Guiding, in unerring wisdom
From the courts of heaven above
All our way.

Ev'ry good gift, ev'ry perfect,
Cometh from our Father's Hand,
Ev'ry trouble, every sorrow,
Falleth but at His command
On our way.

He knows best what e'er befalls us,
Orders all things for our good,
Sees the end from the beginning,
Gives to each the fitting food
By the way.

Winneth, by His love unvarying,
Hearts to love and do His Will,
Guideth, by His care unceasing,
Falt'ring steps to follow still
In the way.

Never will His Love forsake us,
Never will His promise fail,
Never will the light He giveth,
Fading into twilight pale
Pass away.

It grows brighter, and still brighter,
As we near the perfect day,
When in joy, true joy for ever,
We shall live with Him alway,
Live alway.

* * * * *

God Almighty, hear Thy children,
O'er our wills rule Thou alone,
Make us love what Thou commandest,
And from us our hearts of stone
Take away.

Saved from earthly longings, may we
Seek for that which Thou dost give,
Grace to pardon, grace to help us
Evermore whilst here to live
As we pray.

Thus we stand with steps unshaken,
From our vantage-ground unhurled,
Anchored on the Rock of Ages,
Stedfast midst this changing world,
Thou our stay.
AMEN.

The Fifth Sunday after Easter.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; Grant to us thy humble servants, that by thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, St. James i. 22. THE GOSPEL, St. John, xvi. 23.

BEFORE Thee, Lord, we kneel,
Thy promise now we plead,
That all who ask of Thee shall have
According to their need.

From Thee all good things come,
To us Thy servants grant
Th' attentive ear, the willing heart,
In which Thy word to plant.

All good thoughts come of Thee,
O may we guard with care
The new-born wish, half-formed resolve,
And turn them into prayer.

That doers of Thy word,
Not hearers only, we
May by Thy grace perform the same,
Led onward still by Thee.

AMEN.

The Ascension Day.

Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that like as we do believe thy only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens; so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Acts i. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Mark xvi. 14.

FULL forty days had passed since Jesus rose
On Easter morn from out the rich man's tomb,
And day by day unto His chosen ones
He had appeared, and did, by many proofs
Infallible, make manifest the truth
That He Himself was there, alive once more
In human Form; did bid them handle Him
And see, for spirits have not flesh and bone
As they perceived in Him. He came and went
Among them; in His sacred Hands and Feet
They trace His wound-prints, in His piercèd Side
Behold the cruel thrust of Roman spear.
And they, once more, are awe-struck witnesses
Of His Almighty power, they hear anew
His words of love, of wisdom manifold.
They see, and to His words give ear, and yet,
So feeble is their faith, so slow their hearts
To understand the truth, that as He speaks
They look and wait for earthly power, they think
That He will now restore to Israël
A kingdom upon earth.

And He, their Lord,
As gentle and as patient as of old,
Did unto them expound the Scriptures, whilst
Their unbelief He lovingly rebuked.
He tells them of His sov'reignty on earth,
His ruling o'er the hearts of sinful men,
His triumphs over sin and death, the power
Given to Him by the Eternal One
To reign supreme, till unto Him all things
In earth, in heaven, and hell should be subdued;
When to His Father's Hands He should resign
The kingdom given.

Thus the forty days
Had passed in converse on the things of God.
And now, yet once again unto the Mount
Of Olivet He leads them forth, and there,
He gives to them a charge to preach His Name
In all the world, but first, He bids them wait
Within Jerusalem, till from on high
They be with power imbued.

So Jesus spake
As with His chosen ones for the last time
He walked this earth. With Him no more should they
Hold converse sweet, or follow Him along
Those paths so fraught with memories Divine.
Nor at the sultry hour of noon repose
Beneath the shady grove, or by the side
Of cooling well; no more should glide with Him
O'er the blue waves of Galilean sea;
Nor yet at even, as the sun went down,
Be witnesses of His all-healing power:

No more throughout the long, long hours of night
Behold Him bowing low in fervent prayer.
No, never more! The parting hour had come,
And Jesus having loved His own did love
Them after death; and, by His words He sought
To lead their thoughts to dwell on things unseen,
Guiding their steps the while above the world
Of busy men, to be alone with Him
Upon the quiet mountain's peaceful side.—
And did no shadowy dread steal o'er their souls,
No undefined foreboding, that indeed
The last, last hour had come! that soon for them,
Upon the shores of life, the waves of time
Would break with saddened sound, repeating still,
In ever-varying tone, although in strange
Monotony, O never more!

We know
Not of their thoughts; but He, to Whom their hearts
All open were, spake of His Presence still
Amongst them, though unseen, unrecognized;
So that, to them, might echo back the words
From th' everlasting shores of the far land
Of His Ascension, softened under-notes
Of joy amid their joys, a triumph song
In time of weariness, of grief, and doubt,
Changed, purified, and yet the same, Evermore.

Now all things written of the Son of man
Had been accomplished; His triumphant hour
Has come, and angels in the highest heaven
Prepare to meet their re-ascending God.

Unto the everlasting doors had gone
The fiat forth: "Lift up your heads, O gates"
"And let the King of glory enter in."
The choirs of heaven attune their harps and sing
And shout for joy a new song to the Lamb.
Legions of angels wait around the mount,
Ten thousand times ten thousand praise their God.
And Jesus lifts His pierced Hands to bless
His followers; and lo, e'en as they look
Upon His well-known Form, His loving Face,
From off the earth He rises, and beyond
Their raptured sight passes within the cloud.
They are alone; yet still with stedfast gaze
They fix their eyes above where last they saw
Him fading from them; all entranced they stand;
Perchance upon their ears fell trembling chords
Of heav'nly melody; upon their eyes
Some gleam of light from courts celestial,
As straight beneath the pearly portals of
His Father's house, the Conqueror passed, and sat
Himself for evermore at God's right Hand.
Of this we know not; but we know that when
To earth they turned their eyes, two shining ones
Stood by their side, attendant spirits bidden
By their ascended Lord to linger near,
To do His will, to cheer their drooping hearts,
And point to th' open heaven, telling them
To look for Him again, e'en as He went.
And thus, as in the day of Adam's sin
'Twas angels barred the gates of Paradise,
And with avenging sword forbade the way
Unto the tree of life, so angels stand

With outstretched hands, and point redeemèd man
To th' open gates of Paradise above.

* * * * * *

Almighty God, we magnify Thy Name
For our redemption's wondrous mysteries,
The Incarnation of Thy Only Son,
And all His life of trial here on earth;
We thank Thee for His agonizing Death
Upon the Cross, His burial in the tomb,
The brightness of His resurrection-morn;
But, we beseech Thee, O our God, to make
Us praise Thee ever more and more, for all
The glories of His great Ascension-Day.
That, as we do believe He lives on high
To intercede for us, so we may dwell
In heart and mind with Him, at peace amid
The passing things of time; whilst looking for,
And hastening to th' eternal joys, which are
At Thy right Hand, with Him for evermore.

AMEN.

Sunday after Ascension Day.

O God the King of Glory, who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto thy kingdom in heaven; We beseech thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. Peter iv. 7.
THE GOSPEL, St. John, xv. 26., and part of Chap. xvi.

GOD Who hast exalted
Thine only Son on high,
Lord of boundless glory
With Thee beyond the sky.
'Twas for our salvation
Unto this world He came,
And gave Himself to death,
To suff'ring, and to shame.

'Tis for our salvation
He reigns with Thee above,
Pleads with Thee for ever,
His all-redeeming Love.
'Tis for our salvation
He sends the Spirit down,
Helps us to bear the Cross,
And fits us for the Crown.

Grant that we may ever
To that salvation cling,
Fleeing sin and evil,
Hating th' accursèd thing.
Sinful, O Lord, am I,
Be merciful to me,
Be this the constant prayer,
Our hearts breathe out to Thee.

Leave us not desponding,
In sorrow and in sin,
Comfort us in mercy,
And speak our hearts within;
Sinful, yet redeeméd,
Faulty, and yet forgiven;
Inhabitants of earth,
Yet citizens of heaven.

Let us, humbly bowing
Beneath Thy mighty Hand,
Be by grace exalted,
And rise at Thy command,
To dwell with Thee above,
To see Thee face to face;
To praise from age to age
The riches of Thy grace.

AMEN.

Whit-Sunday.

God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people, by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort; through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Acts ii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. John. xiv. 15.

WITHIN Jerusalem,
Obedient to Christ's word,
The faithful ones had waited for
The promise of their Lord.

And now the time was come,
And suddenly a sound
As of a rushing mighty wind,
Was heard the house around.

And lo! it filled the place
Where they together were;
As cloven tongues like fire appeared
To all assembled there.

And as on each they fell,
Their hearts were strangely stirred,
The Holy Spirit filled their breasts,
They spake in tongues unheard,

The wondrous works of God,
The power of Christ to save;
In divers tongues they told, as then
The Spirit utt'rance gave.

Fear fell on those who heard,
The Hand of God they trace;
Some listen to the preachèd word,
And seek the promised grace.

And still where two or three
Are gathered in Christ's Name,
The Holy Ghost is in their midst
With His enkindling flame.

Still o'er the Holy Font
He hovers as of old,
The water, moving at His touch,
All-cleansing power doth hold.

Still at the Altar-rail
He meets the earnest heart,
And by the laying on of hands
He doth Himself impart.

Still at the Eucharist,
He shews 'neath Bread and Wine,
The Blood and Body of the Lord,
In mystery Divine.

Still to th' ordainéd band
Of Bishop, Deacon, Priest,
Manifold gifts of grace He gives,
For greatest, and for least.

Still to the contrite heart
That doth in secret sigh,
That seeks to know and do God's Will,
The Comforter draws nigh.

He tells of sin forgiven,
Righteousness for us won,
Of God's just judgments turned from us
On the Eternal Son.

He whispers words of peace,
He holds us lest we stray,
He leads us through the realms of night
To light of endless day.

God, Who as at this time,
The Comforter didst give
To teach Thy faithful people's hearts
As in Thy sight to live;

By that same Spirit's grace
Teach us to judge aright;
His power our shield from every foe,
His comfort our delight;

For Thy Son Jesu's sake,
Who liveth now with Thee,
And the same Spirit evermore,
One God in Trinity.

AMEN.

Trinity-Sunday.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given unto us thy servants grace by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity; We beseech thee, that thou wouldest keep us stedfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rev. iv. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. John iii. 1.

WORTHY art Thou, O Lord,
All honour to receive;
Thou hast created all,
We for Thy pleasure live.

Worthy art Thou, O Christ,
All honour to receive;
Redeemed we are by Thee,
And through Thy life we live.

Worthy, O Holy Ghost,
All honour to receive;
For Thou dost cleanse us all,
And by Thy grace we live.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
One God in Trinity;
Created, cleansed, redeemed,
Our life is hid in Thee.

God, Who to us hast giv'n
  Grace the true faith to know,
O keep us stedfast ever
  Through all our life below.

A shield t'wixt us and wrong
  May it in danger prove;
A light to guide us on
  To know Thee and to love:

A place in which to hide
  Safe from the tempest wild;
A word on which to rest
  E'en as a little child:

A rock to which to cling,
  Though waves may rush and roar;
There is One God above
  Who reigns for evermore:

One Father, Spirit, Son,
  Eternal Trinity;
In glory, power, and might,
  One in equality:

One, in great love t'wards us;
  One, in redemption's plan;
One, in renewing grace,
  In willing life to man.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
  Eternal Unity;
Holy, Holy, Holy,
  One God in Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Thou Majesty Divine,
All worship and all praise,
From age to age be Thine.
AMEN.

The First Sunday after Trinity.

O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in thee, mercifully accept our prayers; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without thee, grant us the help of thy grace, that in keeping of thy commandments we may please thee, both in will and deed; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. John iv. 7. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, xvi. 19.

OUR catechumen's part is done,
Children no more are we,
Instructed in that law of Christ
Wherewith we are made free.
Let us arise 'mid wordly toil and strife,
Practise the truths we've learnt, in daily life.

Before our minds in order due,
The Law once more hath brought
The sin of man; the Love of God
The Gospel news hath taught.
To God we cry, "Lord, what shall we do now?"
On us His answer falls, "How readest thou?"

T'is love to God the Law enjoins,
With heart, and soul, and mind;
And even as we love ourselves,
So must we love mankind.
The Gospel mandate speaks in accents clear,
He that loves God, must hold his brother dear.

The answer to our question this,
The work we have to do,
In thought and word, in will and deed,
The aim to have in view,
To prove our love to God by love to man,
To live for others all life's little span.

To clothe the poor and naked ones,
To give the hungry food;
With gentle words, and kindly deeds,
To answer conduct rude.
Soothing with tender love his care-worn lot,
Who thinks himself by all, e'en heaven, forgot.

God first loved us; the motive power
To strive our love to show;
And faith in Christ, the root from which
Our works of love will flow;
Thus by His Spirit helped, Christ's words shall be,
"The least ye did, ye did it unto Me."

O God, Who art the strength of all
That put their trust in Thee,
Powerless are we without Thy aid,
Therefore to Thee we flee;
Grant us Thy grace in every time of need,
To please Thee always, both in will and deed. AMEN.

The Second Sunday after Trinity.

O Lord, who never failest to help and govern them whom thou dost bring up in thy stedfast fear and love; Keep us, we beseech thee, under the protection of thy good providence, and make us to have a perpetual fear and love of thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. John iii. 13. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xiv. 16.

FEAR not the mocking laugh, the cruel jest,
Fear not to do the right though wrong seem best,
Fear not to speak the truth to friend or foe,
Fear not the wrath of man though it bring woe,
Fear not their sinful fear, nor be afraid;
The Lord of Host alone should be our dread.

Love not the world, and things that are therein;
Love not the flesh, but shun the smallest sin;
Love not the pride of life; its pomp, its power
Fade when possessed, as fades the summer flower;
Love we the Lord with all our heart and soul,
Fear lest by aught we do we miss the goal.

His Holy Name our watchword 'gainst our foes,
His Holy Name our refuge in our woes,
His Holy Name our fortress, tower and strength,
His Holy Name our crown of joy at length,
When in th' eternal home of God above,
Fear is cast out, and in its place is love.

Beneath Thy Providence preserve us, Lord,
Our footsteps guided by Thy written word,
Give us to love and fear Thy Holy Name,
Stedfast to follow on to know the same;
Thou never failest those who trust in Thee,
Thou art our hope to all eternity.

AMEN.

The Third Sunday after Trinity.

O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully to hear us; and grant that we, to whom thou hast given an hearty desire to pray, may by thy mighty aid be defended and comforted in all dangers and adversities; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 St. Peter v. 5. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xv. 1.

THE little one, in childish joy,
Runs to his mother's knee;
His flowery treasures, fragile shells,
He brings for her to see.
The little one, in childish grief,
Clings to his mother's breast;
For broken toy, for frequent fall,
T'is she who comforts best.

A fount of wisdom manifold
He thinks that mother dear,
She knows the best, she does the right,
And yet he has no fear:

He asks for all he wants to have,
For all he wants to know,
And turns obedient to the call
That bids him come, or go.

He trusts her love through ev'ry ill,
Her truth he questions not,
Though oft he cannot understand
What falleth to his lot.
Enough for him she understands,
Enough for him she knows,
Enough she joys amid his joys,
And sorrows with his woes.

And so, secure of sympathy,
To her he telleth all,
Nor thinks that what to him seems great
To her is trivial.
Her love will make her know full well
That to her children's hearts
Trifles are joys exuberant,
Or sorrow's piercing darts.

And thus, through all the years of life,
We seek for some to share
Our happiness or misery,
Our sadness or our care.
Implanted deep within our breasts,
This wish for sympathy
Is given by God Himself to Him;
It teaches us to pray.

E'en mother may forget her child,
Friends may prove strange and cold,
And brothers may in years forget
The nursery of old.
And still, though warmest human love
Be for our solace given,
Within the hearts of all are thoughts
Unknown except by heaven :

Wishes that cannot be expressed,
With longings unfulfilled,
Desires so vain and infinite
Which will not here be stilled :
Anxieties and nameless fears
For those whom we hold dear ;
Trifles, yet forming in themselves
A burden hard to bear.

All that we dare not, cannot say
To any human ear,
To the great God Himself we may
Breathe forth without a fear.
He knows our weakness and our need,
He sees our thoughts afar ;
The secret grief, the hidden wound,
Before Him open are.

O, in Thy mercy hear us, Lord ;
And though no words we say,
When but by unexpressed desires
To Thee we feebly pray,

With Thine Almighty present aid,
O let us feel Thee near,
And know each earnest sigh to Thee
Is answered as a prayer.

Hearty desires Thou askest, Lord,
Without them words are vain,
With them each thought becomes a prayer,
Each thrill of joy or pain.
Hearty desires Thou giv'st us, Lord;
Let us in all our grief,
Sustained by grace divine, in Thee
Find comfort and relief.

AMEN.

The Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, the protector of all that trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; Increase and multiply upon us thy mercy; that, thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. viii. 18. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke vi. 36.

THE summer sun shines bright,
And flecks with golden light
The glossy leaves.

Dances 'mid flower and fern,
Touches the cold rock stern
By streamlet laved.

Glistens the water o'er,
As it ripples on the shore
In tiny waves.

And bids it, "Stay, O stay,
Where all is bright and gay,
Nor hurry on."

"I may not," the reply;
"I know not where nor why
I move along;"

"But t'is my Lord's command,
Led by His guiding Hand
I onward glide."

And now the light has fled,
Cliffs, meeting overhead,
The sunshine hide.

High boulders strive t' impede
The streamlet's restless speed,
Or choke her way;

Untired she presses on,
Struggling with many a stone,
But fighting still.

"Stay, for thou canst not win,
Thou must at last give in,"
The echoes cry.

"Before thee caverns lie,
Pause ere in them thou die,
O wild one, stay."

"I may not," the reply,
"I know not where, nor why
I move along ;"

"But 'tis my Lord's command,
Safe in His guiding Hand,
I struggle on."

Beneath the noon-day heat,
Beside the city street,
The river rolls :

Onward she presses still,
Turning the busy mill,
And countless wheels :

Filling the rich man's chest,
Bearing upon her breast,
The wealth of time.

"Stay I have need of thee,
O wherefore wilt thou flee,"
The city cries :

"I've work for thee to do,
Work that is good and true,
Then tarry here."

"I may not," the reply,
"I know not where, nor why
I move along ;"

"But 'tis my Lord's command,
Led by His guiding Hand,
Onward I roll."

Onward by vine-clad shore,
Fields ripe with harvest store,
Fruit laden trees :

Onward by homesteads bright,
Bathed in the evening light,
The river glides.

"Stay, thou has fought and won ;
"Rest e'er thy life is done ;"
Flowers whisper low.

"I may not," the reply,
"I know not how nor why
I move along ;"

"But 'tis my Lord's command,
Ruled by His guiding Hand,
Onward I glide."

And now life's troubles cease ;
Moonbeams that tell of peace
Shine on the sea :

Whilst o'er the ocean's wave,
A Voice this welcome gave,
In accents clear,

"Well done, thou faithful stream ;
Fleeting as thou may'st seem,
Thou hast served Me :"

"Pass to the boundless sea,
Rest for eternity,
Beneath My smile."

"I thank Thee," the reply,
"I knew not how, nor why,
I moved along:"

"It was at Thy command,
Led by Thy guiding Hand,
I glided on."

"By Thee I travelled through
Ills that my path did strew,
And still fought on:"

"Thou hast my Ruler been,
My Guide, through Thee I win;
All praise to Thee!"

* * * * * * *

Protector, Saviour, Lord,
Our hope is in Thy word,
For evermore.

Without Thee nought is strong;
Aye may we journey on
With trust in Thee.

Still may Thy bounteous store
Of mercy on us pour
In ceaseless flow.

Be Thou our Ruler, Guide,
So we, whate'er betide,
Shall, safe with Thee,

Pass through life's fleeting day,
Threading its thorny way
Close at Thy Side.

Then our brief trial o'er,
Reach the eternal shore,
Wrapt in Thine Arm.
AMEN.

The Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by thy governance, that thy Church may joyfully serve thee in all godly quietness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1. St. Peter iii. 8. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke. v. 1.

LO, one lone rock amid the sea
In bold relief appears,
And braves unmoved th' advancing wave,
Toward heaven her head uprears.

At times the waters of the deep
Ripple around her base,
With gentle murmur seem to give
To her the sovereign place.

Again, in angry, jealous wrath,
They dash against her side,
And strive to hurl her from her throne
Above the ocean wide.

And oft the crested billows seem
About to win the day,
As all the rock is hid beneath
The water, foam, and spray.

A moment, and their power is gone,
And she appears again,
From age to age to face the storm,
Unconquered to remain.

* * * * * *

God, Who the Church of Christ hast set
As rock amid the sea,
Grant that the course of this world may
So ordered be by Thee,

That peace may rest upon the waves
Of surging human life;
And that Thy Church in quietness
May serve Thee free from strife.

AMEN.

The Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. vi. 3. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. v. 20.

THE day is almost done, the summer sun
Is slanting low towards the western sky.
On every side are sunny vine-clad slopes
Rich laden with the purple grape, which fall
With undulating lines unto the Lake,
Whose clear untroubled waters far below,
Bathed in the stillness of the evening air,
Reflect upon its bosom's glassy depth
A calm unbroken image of the whole.
From yonder shore abruptly rise the cliffs,
Their countless jutting points of rock and stone
Veiled in o'erhanging creepers, and above,
The scattered homesteads mark th' abode of man.
Beyond, the everlasting hills arise,
The deepening shadows making forms grotesque
Amid their rocky crags, or opening out
Innumerable valleys in their sides.
While, in the distance, robed in snowy white,
The Alps uprear their lofty heads against
The clear blue sky in sharp and rugged outline,
Stern in their beauty; but no longer cold;

For in a robe of many hues of pink,
Of purple, and of gold, the sun has decked them.
We watch and gaze; upon the ear there floats
A distant sound of laughter, or the voice
Of lowing cattle, or the drowsy hum
Of insect life; whilst now and then a bird
Floats in the ether overhead. A sense
Of perfect rest and peace steals over all,
And the enraptured words, "how beautiful!"
Burst from our lips; "can there be ought more fair,
How can one choose but love a world like this,
Can even heaven itself more beauty show?"

* * * * * *

God, Who this earth hast made so beautiful,
So rich with countless blessings for us all,
And yet, for those that love Thee, dost prepare
Good things that pass the mind of finite man
To understand; teach us to love in Thee
All Thou dost give. Make us to realize
That human love is but a shadowing
Of Thy great Love Divine; that all which gives
Our happiness, or adds thereto, the flowers,
The song of birds, the beauty of this earth,
Are shewings forth of this Thy love to us.
Pour Thou into our hearts such love t'wards Thee,
That above all, above the love of home,
Of wife or child, above the love of life,
Above all earthly things we may love Thee;
Take all from Thee, and ever ready stand
To render back again at Thy command

The precious gifts Thou lendest for awhile.
Thus may we still obtain in life, or death,
In hour of joy, or woe, Thy promises,
Exceeding all we can desire or ask.

AMEN.

The Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. vi. 19. THE GOSPEL St., Mark viii. 1.

GIVER of all good things,
Lord of all power and might,
Source from Whom virtue springs,
Fountain of life and light,

Graft Thou our hearts within
The love of Thy great Name,
Purge from us ev'ry sin,
Keep us from deeds of shame.

Form in us more and more
Religion pure and true,
And ever on us pour
Thy Spirit's fresh'ning dew.

As bough broke from the tree
  Withers, and fades, and dies,
So separate from Thee
  In us no goodness lies.

Nourish us by Thy grace,
  And in our hearts abide,
Make them Thy dwelling place,
  For all our need provide.

True branches of the Vine,
  Through Thee may we bear fruit,
Round Thee our hopes entwine,
  Our life draw from the Root.

Thus may we live and grow,
  Kept ever by Thy power,
Thine, all our life below,
  Thine, in Thy triumph hour.

AMEN.

The Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth; We humbly beseech thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which be profitable for us; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Rom. viii. 12. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. vii. 15.

BEFORE Thy Face, O Lord, our lives are spread;
May we be ever by Thy Spirit led
To trust in Thee, our Father and our God,
E'en when we bow beneath Thy chast'ning rod;
To know Thy never-failing love and care,
To seek Thy help by earnest faithful prayer,
That all things hurtful may be put away,
All good things granted to us day by day.
On us the Spirit of adoption pour,
That, as Thy children, we may evermore
Rejoice in Thee, Who art our sure defence;
Who all things ord'rest in Thy Providence.
AMEN.

The Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as be rightful; that we, who cannot do any thing that is good without thee, may by thee be enabled to live according to thy will; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Cor. x. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xvi. 1.

WHEN fierce temptations us assail,
And our great enemy
Pours from the pit his venom'd flood,
Our fainting souls to try;
When thoughts of evil crowd the mind
As we kneel down to prayer,
Hardness of heart, and questioning doubts
Pursue us even there:

When earth seems near, and Heaven so far,
Our love to Thee so cold,
Thy love as dull to our tir'd ear
As tale too often told.
When Satan wrestles long to win
In this lone wilderness,
Then, bids us murmur against Thee
For very weariness;

Tempts us to deem ourselves forgot,
Or doomed to sin and die:
That we have fallen from Thy grace—
Fall'n, past all remedy!

O God, sustain us in that hour
To cling in faith to Thee,
Although athwart the gath'ring clouds
No ray of light we see.

Let Abba, Father, be our cry,
The cross our resting place;
Till in Thine own good time Thou shew'st
The brightness of Thy Face.
Thou wilt not fail us, O our God;
For 'tis through Thee alone
That saints, who trod the path before,
Now worship at Thy throne.

Thou wilt not suffer us to be
Tempted above our strength;
But wilt with each temptation make
A way t' escape at length.
Without Thy help we can do nought;
Grant us to think and do
That which is rightful in Thy sight,
To live lives good and true.

AMEN.

The Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of thy humble servants; and that they may obtain their petitions make them to ask such things as shall please thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Cor., xii. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke, xix. 41.

TEACH us to pray, O Lord,
With lowly rev'rent fear;
Assured that what on earth we ask
Thou on thy throne wilt hear.

Teach us to tell to Thee
Our joy, our want, our care;
All that perplexes or annoys
To breathe to Thee in prayer.

Teach us to leave with Thee
The burden of our grief;
And wait in patient hope and trust
Until Thou send'st relief.

Lord, teach us when we pray
To know no will but Thine;
And if Thou answer or deny
To praise Thy Love Divine.

O teach us but to ask
For that which pleaseth Thee;
So oft the things we most desire
Would prove our misery.

Teach us to watch and wait;
Then, when Thy Will is plain,
Make our rebellious hearts to rest,
Nor pray the prayer again.

Teach us to watch and wait;
To recognize Thy Love,
To own the blessings, free and great,
Thou grantest from above.

Thus, teach us, Lord, to pray;
Thy Holy Spirit give,
Then our petitions, in Thy sight,
For evermore shall live.

AMEN.

The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

O God, who declarest thy almighty power most chiefly in shewing mercy and pity; Mercifully grant unto us such a measure of thy grace, that we, running the way of thy commandments, may obtain thy gracious promises, and be made partakers of thy heavenly treasure; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 1 Cor. xv. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xviii. 9.

O God of mercy, in that awful hour
When first we fully realize our guilt;
When face to face we stand with sin and death;
Whilst darkness lies around that can be felt;
In pity, shew forth then Thy saving grace,
And, as we cry to Thee in agony,
Grant us true faith to penetrate the gloom;
Reveal to us the Cross of Calvary.

O God of pity, in our trial hour
When after sore defeat we fainting fall;
And Satan whispers that in vain we strive,
In vain for pardon unto Thee do call:
In mercy, let Thy cleansing grace abound,
To heal our aching wounds and cheer us on;
Speak Thou of peace beyond the battle's roar,
Of final triumph through endurance won.

O God of mercy, in our hour of rest,
When Satan, vanquished, leaves us for a while,
Victorious we remain upon the field,
Rejoicing 'neath th' approval of Thy smile.
" 'Tis by Thy grace, O God, alone I stand,"
Be this th' Hosanna which we raise to Thee ;
" Laboured have I abundantly, and won,
And yet not I 'tis but Thy grace in me."

In mercy and in pity, thou, O God,
Help with Thy power through all our years of life,
Grant to us such a measure of Thy grace,
As may support us ever in the strife.
Enable us to run our earthly race,
So that we may Thy promises obtain ;
And when the goal is reached, the struggle o'er,
By grace at last Thy heavenly treasure gain.

AMEN.

The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire, or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, 2 Cor. iii. 4. THE GOSPEL, St. Mark vii. 31.

O God, when wearied and cast down,
Teach us to stay ourselves on Thee,
In all our weakness and our need,
Rest in Thy all-sufficiency.

Have we no love? O fill our minds
With knowledge of Thy love untold,
The length and breadth, the depth and height,
Revealed in Christ to us unfold.

Can we not pray? then give us faith
To see the Lamb before Thy throne,
Where, interceding in Thy sight,
He ever makes our wants His own,

Do sins rise up and cause us fear?
Th' abundance of Thy mercy pour,
Open the fount of Jesu's Blood,
Absolve us from our guilt once more.

Have we no strength, and do we faint
  Beneath the burden of the day?
The Bread of Life, the Wine to cheer,
  Bestow, O Lord, upon the way.

Lead us aside with Thee awhile,
  From crowded mart and busy street,
And lay Thy Hand upon us there,
  As we kneel humbly at Thy Feet.

Our ears are deaf, we cannot hear;
  Our tongues are tied, we cannot speak;
But Thou, O Lord, art wont to give
  More than we ask, or even seek.

Thou art more ready far to hear
  Than we to kneel and pray to Thee,
And for the good things that we ask
  Christ's merits are our only plea.

Nought we deserve, our guilt untold
  Open and bare before Thee lies;
Yet in Thy mercy speak the words,
  "Forgiven are thy sins, arise."

AMEN.

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Almighty and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service; Grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Gal. iii. 16. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke x. 23.

A hush of awe, an almost breathless spell,
Fall over us, as from the crowded street
We pass beneath the porch, and stand within
The sacred precincts of cathedral vast,
And in the dim light cast by storied glass
First view the whole; the solid walls, severe
In grave simplicity, the graceful lines
Of fluted columns, crowned with beauteous work,
The pointed arch, and windows rich and rare;
Till, in the misty twilight overhead,
The eye loses itself 'mid vaulted roof,
And wearied with its flight, returns to earth.
Now on the Altar Cross it falls, and o'er
The soul a flood of mingled feelings rush,
Th' immutability of God, our God;
The nothingness of man:—crowd on our minds,
And in the stillness that around us reigns
We feel as ne'er before, the age of Time,
The fleeting moment of our years of life.
There once was waving grass where now we stand,
Or, it may be, some giant of the grove,
Upreared his lofty head, and 'neath his shade

Were mystic rites performed to heathen gods.
And then, the Cross was preached, the giant fell,
Whilst through the leafy glade the ring of axe,
Of chisel, saw, and plane resounded long,
As slowly stone by stone the fabric rose.
'Twas human hands that raised the costly pile,
And human skill that formed and planned the whole,
Placing in its appointed place each block
Of all that solid masonry; of this
Forming the fluted shaft of tap'ring column
With beauty to adorn the House of God:
Of that, a rough hewn stone, and of itself
Unsightly, but well fitted to perform
The work of solid strength; whilst hid away,
Unseen, unknown, in the walls' thickness lie
Blocks of all shape and size, together knit
With equal care; for, though removed from sight,
They were with purpose laid, each in its place,
As needful to the beauty of the whole
As polished corner stone, or fretted arch.
The post of each the will of man assigned,
And faithfully for centuries of time
That work has been performed, whilst silently
Those very stones have cried unto the hearts
Of men, telling, that as the hands that reared
Them to their place, lie mouldering in the dust,
So all who on earth dwell shall surely die:
Telling, that as men raised them one by one
From earth towards heaven, so the Great Architect
Doth knit together human lives, of them
To build a Temple which shall stand for aye.

* * * * * *

O God, it cometh only of Thy gift
That we into Thy Church admitted are,
'Tis by Thy grace alone we can to Thee
True service do; grant that we may within
Our nook perform the duties of the same,
Nor seek for higher place, for greater work.
Content that others should the carvéd scroll,
The precious stones around Thy altar form,
Whilst we, kept from th' applause of men, fulfil
Our hidden part amid the masonry,
Unseen by all but Thee Who placed us there.
Do with our might the work Thou gav'st to us,
So that we fail not at the last to stand
Within our lot, and faithful found, attain
Unto the glories of Thy Church above.

AMEN.

The Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

ALmighty and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity; and, that we may obtain that which thou dost promise, make us to love that which thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Gal. v. 16. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xvii. 11.

ALMIGHTY, everlasting God,
Increase our faith in Thee;
May Hope within our hearts abound,
And perfect charity.

Faith to believe what Thou hast said,
Thy promises to claim;
And Hope to wait with cheerfulness
Till Thou fulfil the same.

Faith to believe that Jesu's Blood
Can cleanse from every sin;
And Hope to trust that even we
Are washed that stream within.

Faith to believe Thy Spirit's power
Our hearts to sanctify;
And Hope to look for aid from Thee,
Our lives to purify.

Faith to give up ourselves to Thee,
A sacrifice complete;
And Hope to feel Thou wilt accept,
Through Christ, such off'ring meet.

Thus, Lord, by Faith and Hope, reveal
Thy never-failing Love;
A three-fold cord to draw us on,
Unto Thy throne above.

And that we may Thy promises
Obtain at Thy right Hand,
Make us to love, whilst on this earth,
The things Thou dost command.

AMEN.

The Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Keep, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy Church with thy perpetual mercy: and because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Gal. vi. 11. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. vi. 24.

LOOK down from heaven, Lord, O visit now Thy Vine,
Let the brightness of Thy Face upon Thy people shine;
Behold Thy Church doth stand begirt with foes around,
And within Thy sacred vineyard her enemies are found.
Fightings without, and fears within, do cause perplexity,
Quicken us, Lord, Thou God of Hosts, and we will call on Thee.

Teach us to do Thy Will, then lead us on to know
All things needful to believe in this life below,
Thy secret things, O God, humbly to adore,
Thankful for the given light, praying still for more,
In patient faith content to wait for what we know not now
Till that hereafter, when on high we at Thy Feet shall bow.

Thy kingdom first to seek, to flee all wickedness,
By Thy Spirit's ready aid daily to grow in grace;
May the outward forms we use, of public prayer and praise,
Evermore towards Thee, our God, our best affections raise,
Thy gifts to man, and by themselves, empty and void of life,
But prized as such, they are to us channels with blessings rife.

O! from the sin of those, deliver us we pray,
Who tithes of mint and cummin scrupulously pay,
Who worship in Thy house, and lowly bend the knee,
Yet contented are to dwell in sin and misery;
From those who, in their zeal for forms, forget the tribute paid,
That Jesus, to avoid offence, the law of man obeyed.

Lord, keep Thy Church, we pray, by grace perpetual,
From th' assaults of open foe, both great and trivial;
And as without Thy aid man's frailty still must fall,
Be Thou our present help, when we in trouble call.
All hurtful things put from us, Lord, the hidden evil show,
And make us glory in the Cross, Thy full salvation know.

AMEN.

The Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

O Lord, we beseech thee, let thy continual pity cleanse and defend thy Church; and, because it cannot continue in safety without thy succour, preserve it evermore by thy help and goodness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. iii. 13. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke vii. 11.

HEAR our cry O Lord,
Let Thine ear attend,
As for Thy universal Church
Now our prayers ascend.
In the truth of Thy Holy Word may she still agree,
And live henceforth in godly love, and unity.

In Thy pity cleanse,
By Thy love defend
Thy Church from heresy and sin;
Thy good Spirit send
To lead and guide her into truth, from error guard;
And strength according to the day, to her award.

Her divisions heal,
Bitterness remove,
And, 'mid diversities of gifts,
May she dwell in love.
Keeping with jealous care her lamp burning for Thee,
While watching ever through the night Thy sign to see.

As all colours blend
In one ray of light,
Each sep'rate, but their harmony
Forming purest white,
So may she gather in her fold all shades of thought,
Careful lest she offend Thy little ones in aught:

See the good in each,
Wait and watch for more,
Praying to Thee to purge the dross
By Thy mighty power:
Believing, though she cannot feel the need of all,
In every particle of truth however small:

Wait until she knows
E'en as she is known,
And all the fulness of Thy Love
Unto her is shown.
Then seeing, how Thy Hand has led her steps aright,
Thy truth she'll worship evermore in perfect light.

AMEN.

The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

Lord, we pray thee that thy grace may always prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. iv. 1. THE GOSPEL, St. Luke xiv. 1.

AS undeveloped in the bud
The future floweret lies,
Waiting to burst forth into bloom
Beneath the summer skies;

Yet daily fed by passing showers,
By cooling dews at night,
It swells and grows from day to day
Unnoticed to our sight;

Till, at the bidding of the sun,
It doth its charms disclose,
And in the opening blossom gives
The promise of the rose.

So, from the cradle to the grave
The Hand of God shall guide;
'Tis He appoints our sphere in life,
Its duties will provide.

He educates us hour by hour
Those duties to fulfil,
Through childhood, manhood, youth, and age,
'Tis He who leads us still.

Along each portion of our way
  His Spirit goes before,
Preparing through the present hour
  The future's needful store:

Together working all for good,
  That what we sow in tears
May bud and blossom into fruit
  To reap in after years.

The germ of noble deed and word,
  By Him in secret taught,
Will, by the workings of His grace,
  Be into action brought,

If we but ever humbly strive
  His guiding Hand to see,
And in the little, or the much,
  His faithfully to be.

O Lord, we pray Thee that Thy grace
  Our footsteps may prevent,
So that our wayward wills to Thee
  For evermore be bent.

And may it follow us, as we
  Our many sins bewail,
With words of comfort strengthening us,
  Lest all our courage fail.

So that by Thee encompassed, led,
  To good works wholly given,
We shall continue Thine on earth,
  Then reign with Thee in heaven.

AMEN.

The Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

LORD, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee the only God; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, I. Cor. i. 4. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxii. 34.

FOR us in infancy
The threefold vow was ta'en,
And when we came to man's estate
We spake the words again.

So, often as we kneel
Before God's altar-throne,
Him as our Master, and our Lord,
Once more we freely own.

Against His enemies
We pledge ourselves to fight,
The devil, world, and flesh to flee,
And ever seek the right.

Soldiers, we vow to war
Within, without, around,
To strive and struggle, watch and pray,
On sore-beleaguered ground.

Christ's coming still in view,
We pledge ourselves to stand,
Waiting, alert, with girded loins,
And staff within our hand.

Pilgrims, we vow to seek
A city yet to come,
Whilst passing through life's shadow-land
To our eternal home.

Lord, by Whose gift of grace
All we Thy people are,
Amid temptation keep us pure
By Thy Almighty care.

As soldiers may we stand
Strong in the evil day,
As pilgrims ever blameless tread
Within the narrow way.

Confirm unto the end
The work in us begun,
And purify our hearts and minds
From all things wrongly done.

We wait on Thee, our God,
Do Thou our strength renew,
Through all our life to follow Thee,
The only God and true.

AMEN.

The Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

O God, forasmuch as without thee we are not able to please thee; Mercifully grant, that thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. iv. 17. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. ix. 1.

'TIS unto warfare we are called;
The truth, in Jesus taught,
Points how, along a thorny path,
The tree of life is sought.

Daily to die to self and sin,
The new-man to put on,
To wrestle with the powers of hell
Until the fight is won.

Henceforth to walk as in God's sight,
The flesh to crucify;
Who is sufficient for these things?
In terror, Lord, we cry.

Thy vows are on us, O our God,
Our lives are pledged to Thee,
Sworn soldiers of the Cross we stand,
From Satan's yoke set free.

Yet know not what a day, an hour,
May have for us in store;
To us, the moment as it flies,
Thou givest, and no more.

We know not, nor can we avert,
The threatened good or ill,
And yet Thou sayest unto us
"Arise, and do My will."

Thou seest, Lord, our palsied limbs;
O, in Thy pitying Love,
With each command, power to obey
Send to us from above.

And, forasmuch as without Thee
All powerless we must lie,
And cannot please Thee though we would,
Unable e'en to try;

Grant that Thy Holy Spirit may
Direct and rule our heart,
In all Thy guiding Hand to seek,
To choose the better part:

To serve Thee while 'tis called to-day
In patient waiting faith,
Till Thou shalt bid us rise and pass
Up through the gate of death;

Up to Thy glorious realm on high;
And there, our Cross laid down,
Thou, upon each true soldier's brow
Shalt place the victor's crown.

AMEN.

The Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

O Almighty and most merciful God, of thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things that thou wouldest have done; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. v. 15. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxii. 1.

WHAT is our life? a dream that flieth,
A flame that flickers for awhile,
A thing of nought, a passing shadow,
From cradle to the funeral pile!
A flower that springeth up unbidden,
As soon to wither, droop, and die,
After a moment's fading glory,
Forgotten evermore to lie.
Is such our life? a cloudy vapour
Continuing never in one stay,
Troubled and tossed twixt earth and heaven,
Then vanishing at once away;
Yea this is life, as frail, as fleeting
As passing cloud, or beauteous flower,
As brief our tenure of earth's blessings
As of a dream at waking hour.
Such is our life; the present only
God gives to each one, day by day,
The past is gone beyond recalling,
The future stretcheth far away;

We reach it not, e'en as we grasp it,
Our feet touch the eternal shore,
And, in the land of that Hereafter,
For ever Time shall be no more.
This span of time, to each one given,
God calleth Life, and bids us take
Just as He metes to us our portion,
To be redeeméd for His sake.
No second of the hour that flieth
But is with its own duty fraught,
No day that fadeth into twilight
But hath some lesson to us brought.
O let us do the present duty,
Learn well the lesson while 'tis giv'n,
And onward press through ev'ry trial
With eyes upraised from earth to heav'n.

* * * * * *

Almighty God, Whose mercy giveth
Life to Thy creatures here below,
Of Thy great goodness keep us ever
From hurtful things our journey through.
With heedful care, and prayerful watching,
Lord, may we ever ready stand
To serve Thee in our souls and bodies,
With joy to work out Thy command.

AMEN.

The Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

Grant, we beseech thee, merciful Lord, to thy faithful people pardon and peace, that they may be cleansed from all their sins, and serve thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Ephes. vi. 10. THE GOSPEL, St. John iv. 46.

FATHER, grant Thy people
Pardon full and free,
For their sins committed
Daily against Thee.

Father, grant Thy children
Peace which passeth thought,
Springing from redemption,
In Thee found, when sought:

Peace abiding ever,
Through the years of life,
Realized intensely,
When thick clouds are rife:

Yet to all the sunshine
Lending golden light,
Hov'ring o'er our blessings,
With its halo bright:

Peace abiding ever,
On a sinful past,
Whilst the Blood of Jesu
Falleth on it fast:

Peace abiding ever,
In us hour by hour,
While Thou rulest all things
By Thy mighty power:

Peace abiding ever,
On the future years,
For who in Thee trusteth
Hath no cause for fears.

Thus Thy faithful people,
Cleans'd from all their sin,
Quietly shall serve Thee,
Safe Thy Church within.

AMEN.

The Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

LORD, we beseech thee to keep thy household the Church in continual godliness; that through thy protection it may be free from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve thee in good works, to the glory of thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Phil. i. 3. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xviii. 21.

CHURCH of the living God! of living members formed,
On one Foundation built, the Corner Stone once [scorned,
Spreading o'er all the earth, stretching from clime to clime,
Counting as things of nought the boundaries of time,

Fighting whilst on earth below, resting in heaven above;
One, and still united through the bands of Faith, Hope, Love.

The Church of God, we say, yet do our minds conceive
That by these words we mean all who on earth do live,
Who have baptizèd been, in the Name of Triune God,
Have vowed to leave their sin, are loosèd from its load;
All who in the days of old have fought, and bled, and died,
Nobly lived the life of faith, in Jesus crucified:

All who, in the Jewish times, the law's demands fulfilled,
And strove to live the life that the Almighty willed;
A goodly band of kings, of prophets, people, priests,
Who offered sacrifices due, and kept th' appointed feasts:
And in the twilight walking, the only light they knew,
Yet ever upward gazing, the patriarchs we view.

Do our minds realize this that our lips repeat,
Standing in order all, before God's mercy seat?
When, in one wave of sound, in measured tones we say
The creed we vowed to keep on our baptismal day,
When in one Church Catholic, our "I believe" ascends,
In Communion of the saints, in Life that never ends?

O surely, if we felt the words we only say,
We should arise refreshed, strengthened to watch and pray;
This God who led them forth, will be our Guide till death,
Their God and ours He is, they triumphed but by faith;
He it was Who did perform in them the work begun,
In godliness He kept them, until their life was done.

'Tis He Who now in us fighteth the selfsame fight,
Between good and evil, between wrongfulness and right,
Who in the Christian Church, as in the Church of old,
His mysteries of grace doth unto man unfold:
Who, though fiercest winds may rise, and heaviest storm-clouds lower,
Over-ruleth all for good, by His Almighty power.

We therefore pray Thee, Lord, Thy Church and household keep,
In knowledge more and more, in judgment sound and deep,
Sincere, without offence, O may she have in view
The glory of Thy Name, in all she has to do,
The good works prepared for her devoutly to fulfil,
While waiting, to reap fruit, the day of Christ until.

AMEN.

The Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

O God, our refuge and strength, who art the author of all godliness; Be ready, we beseech thee, to hear the devout prayers of thy Church; and grant that those things which we ask faithfully we may obtain effectually; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Phil. iii. 17. THE GOSPEL, St. Matt. xxii. 15.

O God our refuge and our strength,
Author of life, its Crown at length,
On Thee we call.

Thou hast redeemed us unto Thee,
From sin and Satan set us free,
In Thy great love.

And by Thy Spirit's quickening power,
Thou wouldest lead us hour by hour,
To follow Thee.

Our foreheads bear the Holy Sign
That seals and makes us ever Thine,
In life, or death.

O may we render service true,
And pay to Thee the tribute due
Of love unfeigned:

Of purity in word and deed,
That those who look on us may read
Thine Image clear.

We stand and knock; Lord, ope the gate,
As we on Thy great mercy wait,
And let us in.

'Tis Thy command that we obey,
O hear us as to Thee we pray,
And answer send.

Repentance deep, obedience meek,
These are the graces that we seek,
These may we find.

A trusting spirit, ardent faith,
And hope unconquered still in death,
For these we ask.

Lord we believe that Thou wilt hear,
Thou knowest all, we cast our care
Fearless on Thee.

Grant that those things which faithfully
We ask in all humility,
We may obtain.

That so when granted they may bring
The germ of life, and upward spring,
In words and deeds:

To the effect that we may grow
Nearer to Thee whilst here below;
Then at the last,

When He Who tarries now awhile,
Shall come to change our bodies vile
Like unto His,

We may, by Thee renewed, forgiv'n,
All glorious rest with Him in heav'n,
Close at Thy side.
AMEN.

The Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

O Lord, we beseech thee, absolve thy people from their offences; that through thy bountiful goodness we may all be delivered from the bands of those sins, which by our frailty we have committed: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake; our blessed Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*

THE GOSPEL, Col. i. 3. THE EPISTLE, St. Matt. ix. 18.

THE year is almost done, once more, O God, we stand,
Upon the threshold of another span of life,
And, through the glimmer of the opening door, Time's hand
Doth onward beckon us to pass unto the strife.

And yet the loads we bear already far outweigh
Our strength to carry, and we falter 'neath their weight,
Fain on the dial face would we the shadows stay,
And loose us from them ere we enter at the gate.

Unclean, O God, unclean, yet we among the throng
Of faithful worshippers towards Thee would draw near,
And though bowed down with guilt, with sinfulness and wrong,
Would hear Thy gentle words of peace, "Be of good cheer."

We too have often sought in other ways than Thine,
To free us from the heavy burden that we bear ;
We too have proved them useless, O Thou Love Divine,
We seek now but to touch the garment Thou dost wear.

We are not worthy, Lord, of Thy redeeming Love,
But we have need of Thee, and therefore do we come
Confessing all ; O great Absolver, may we prove
The bands of love so strong, as from Thee ne'er to roam.

Loose us from chains of sin, which by our frailty
We have committed often in the days of yore,
And grant that o'er the hearts which now we yield to Thee
No wickedness may have dominion ever more.

Our " Eben-ezer " may we raise to Thee, O God,
Thy mighty Hand we trace through all our wand'ring past,
It led us gently on, till, 'neath Thy chast'ning rod,
We have found pardon at the Saviour's Cross at last.

Then as we kneeling lie submissive at Thy Feet,
Wrapt in the wond'rous calm of sin-forgiven peace,
Bid us arise and go, endued with strength to meet
The coming year, nor fear what we may have to face.

AMEN.

The Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

Stir up, we beseech thee, O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people; that they, plenteously bringing forth the fruit of good works, may of thee be plenteously rewarded: through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE EPISTLE, Jer. xxiii. 5. THE GOSPEL, St. John vi. 5.

THE year is almost done, once more, O God, we stand,
Upon the threshold of another span of life,
And, through the glimmer of the opening door, Time's hand
Doth onward beckon us to pass unto the strife.

We know not what, for us, beyond those gates may lie,
We strive, but all in vain, to penetrate the gloom,
We hear but echoes of the dying year's last cry,
The future is as still and silent as the tomb.

The past we leave with Thee, as at Thy word we rise,
Awaiting Thy command, till, "go thy way" we hear,
And see that through the half-closed door that pathway lies
Enshrouded still in mystery, although so near.

We trembling stand and gaze, preparing to obey,
O God, so little faith have we in Thy great love,
We fear and faint to tread alone the unknown way,
In mercy write for us some sign the door above.

We trembling stand and gaze, and then in words of gold,
Encircling, gilding all the future with its rays,
"The Lord our Righteousness," these words we there behold,
"The Lord God liveth, He hath led thee many days."

" He is thy Righteousness for all the sinful past,"
"'Tis He who is thy life in all that is to come,"
"Alpha and Omega, the same from first to last,"
In all "Jehovah-jireh," He will lead thee home.

O God it is enough, we fear not now to tread
The dark and veilèd pathway of the coming year,
Only be Thou with us, and through all the future dread,
In time of joy or sorrow, let us feel Thee near.

Stir up our wills to gird our armour on anew,
To yield ourselves once more, body and soul, to Thee,
Thy will alone, not ours, ever to have in view,
The impress of Thy love on all that comes to see.

Stir up our wills, we pray Thee, ever more and more,
To serve Thee faithfully in our appointed way,
The fruit of good works bringing forth in plenteous store,
To be by Thee rewarded everlastingly.

AMEN.

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